

# COLLIER'S

For June 13, 1903

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Vol XXXI No 11

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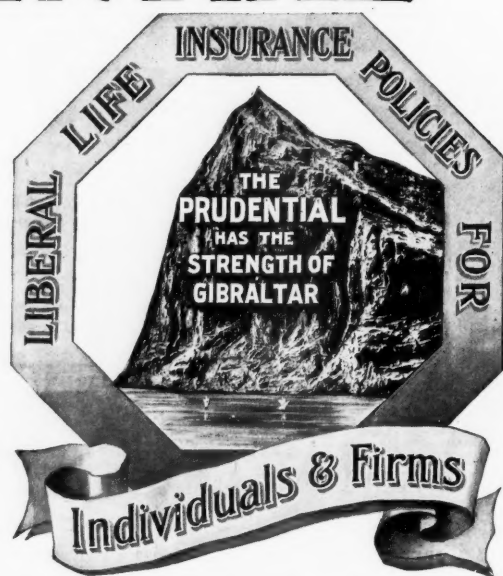
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Seagoers . . . . .	1
Editorial Bulletin . . . . .	3
Editorials . . . . .	4-5
Men and Doings. Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .	6
The Focus of the Time. Photographs . . . . .	7
Her Face and—Her Fortune . . . . .	8
Nikko—The Loveliest Place in the World . . . . .	9
Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .	
The Passing of Finland . . . . .	10
Plans for the New Pennsylvania R.R. Station . . . . .	10
Illustrated with Photographs and a Drawing by C. Beecher Bunnell . . . . .	
A Mid-Ocean Greeting . . . . .	12-13
The Breaking Out of Antoine Broulette . . . . .	14
Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert . . . . .	
The Machinery of Ocean Traffic . . . . .	17
Economics of Horse-Racing . . . . .	18
Korea's Jubilee Postponed . . . . .	19
The Last Prayer. Poem . . . . .	20
Some Modern Marvels . . . . .	20
The Long Night, Chap. XXIV. . . . .	21
Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon . . . . .	

### The Travel Number

TRAVEL is the theme of the present issue of COLLIER'S. The text and illustrations describe and picture the beauties of many interesting places. The foreign correspondence, too, is of especial interest this week. Mr. Gilson Willets sends us from Helsingfors a story of the woes of Finland, that unfortunate nation now being absorbed by the government of the great White Czar; and Mr. George Lynch writes of the curious events that have recently occurred in far-away Korea, "The Land of the Morning Calm."

### News from the Balkans

NEXT week there will be more correspondence from abroad—Mr. Frederick Palmer's first letter from the Balkans. As was announced in these columns some weeks ago, Mr. Palmer went to Roumania and Bulgaria after his visit to Rome at the time of King Edward's audience with the Pope. Mr. Palmer has travelled through the disturbed Balkan provinces and has written for COLLIER'S a most interesting story of the conditions prevailing in that restless corner of the globe. In a letter to the editor he says that he is now about to cross over into Turkish territory, in order to see what the conditions are there. "I am a little worried," he writes, "about getting any photographs on the Turkish side, where the most interesting subjects are. Photography is against Mohammedan law. You will appreciate the situation when I tell you that my little typewriter was taken away from me on crossing the frontier. They took it for an infernal machine, or a sewing machine—I don't know which. The American Minister is at present engaged in trying to recover my revolver as well!" So it is apparent that our correspondent is having things made interesting for him by the "unspeakable Turk." Mr. Palmer's article will be elaborately illustrated with photographs.

Another interesting paper in next week's issue will be "New York as a Summer Resort," in which the great city is shown to be one of the most entertaining playgrounds of the country, with opportunities for amusement of every kind.

### The Lion's Mouth


INSTEAD of ten questions, as heretofore, only one question is asked in *The Lion's Mouth* competition this month. It is: "What is your opinion of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and if, in your opinion, it needs change or improvement, in what way should change or improvement be made?" Answers must be on one sheet of paper only. Prizes aggregating in value \$329.00 will be awarded to the twenty best answers. All answers for the June contest must be mailed on or before June 30. The announcement of the winners in the June contest will be made in the Household Number for August, dated July 25th.



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**M**AXIM GORKI PLACES THE STIGMA of the Russian outrages directly upon what he calls the cultivated classes, and what some Russian papers, supporting him, call the upper classes. Although the butchery, theft and rape were committed by an untutored mob, those who are supposed to have been the instigators, and certainly those who looked calmly on, were the sort of people who, the world over, calmly describe themselves as the better class. The effect of education on character is something upon which deep moralists still disagree. Count Tolstoi's belief, that ordinary education is a spiritual evil, will hardly be eradicated by the recent performances of his country. When J. J. Rousseau was a beginner in literature, about to compete for a literary prize, he told Diderot of the topic, which was the moral value of education, and a conversation about like this ensued: "Are you going to attack or defend education?" asked Diderot. "Why, I am going to praise it, of course," said Rousseau. "I advise you to take the other side," suggested Diderot, "because

#### RUSSIAN UPPER CLASSES

everybody else will talk about the advantages," and Rousseau thereupon began his famous and influential defence of nature against civilization. In Tolstoi's tremendous tragedy, "The Power of Darkness," the strongest and most horrible drama of modern times, the man of truest spiritual light is old Akim, who speaks, in dialect, only a few broken sentences, and knows nothing but right and wrong. In "My Confession" and "My Religion," the great novelist and moralist puts into more explicit form his disbelief in the kind of education furnished to the Russian upper classes. He has reduced all of his interests to "the doctrine of Jesus," by which he means practically the Sermon on the Mount. The tendency of the highest Russian thought has been toward radicalism, and these social doctrines have taken so extreme a form largely because the upper classes—those who are set above the rest by birth, wealth and education—are not spiritually and morally superior, but, on the contrary, rather cynical, lax and cruel.

**E**DUCATION HAS NOT DONE EVERYTHING which was hoped of it, even in America, although it has done much, and we are still faithfully hoping for more. It is unwise always to assume a superiority of virtue in the so-called "upper classes" of any country. Such revelations as are now being made in the Post-Office Department open our eyes to the ease with which men of education, in comfortable circumstances, lie and steal. The citizens whom Mr. Folk is sending to State prison in Missouri, for flagrant disregard of all moral obligation, have none of them the excuse of ignorance. An interesting life of Judge Jerome of New York, which has just been published, brings into sharp relief the fact that the prosperous and cultivated classes are often, perhaps usually, the ones least open to moral appeal. They have so many things, they are so dependent upon things, that principles lose their reality. They give new life to Wordsworth's doctrine that high living goes with low thinking.

#### EDUCATION AND MORALS

One of the greatest modern Frenchmen attributed what he calls "the grossness" of American morals to the emphasis which our education puts upon the liberty and happiness of the individual, instead of upon the improvement of the species. Renan was a hostile critic of democracy when he wrote those lines. Later, in a series of philosophic plays, he made Caliban, or the democracy, a better ruler in the end than his beloved and aristocratic Prospero. We share Renan's later, not his earlier, belief, and are full of faith in the people and in the assumption that our progress makes for righteousness. As long, however, as stealing and deception are discovered in such gross forms, in national, state and city politics; as long as men of high standing in the business world prefer to buy votes rather than to struggle for justice; as long as our educated and prosperous classes are supine in the face of public wrong in their own communities, and prefer to talk about some distant community's evil deeds—so long will education have failed to give all of that moral reality which is one of the improvements which we hope from it.

#### PUBLIC OPINION

**P**UBLIC MEN HAVE LEARNED MORE from the people, thus far in America, than they have taught to them. Mr. McKinley's ideas when he died were a startling contrast to what he had believed only a few years earlier. Office is a fine school for a man of docile intelligence. Everybody offers his best thought, and, in order to grow, the official need only know how to accept. An orator has been described as absorbing public opinion in the form of vapor, and letting it out again in the form of a torrent. Public men who are not orators go through a similar absorption of the general thought. Postmaster-General Payne probably will never really learn from the people, as a higher class of politician does, but he at least obeys the spirit which he can not make his. Only a little while ago, he was trying foolishly to cover up the rotten places in his Department, pooh-poohing, and describing

objections by such elegant phrases as "hot air," "glittering generalities," and "stump speeches." Now he is not only—through an assistant—putting suspects into prison, but is shaking his head gravely over the depravity discovered and over his fear that "the end is not yet." The clamor of public morality has taught Mr. Payne to assume a virtue if he has it not. He was accustomed, in Milwaukee, to engineering games between corporations, on the one hand, and Aldermen and Congressmen on the other, and he has just learned that there is another force which can not be handled by the same methods. That force has, when it is awakened, a higher morality than corporations, and a higher morality than the average Legislature or Board of Aldermen. It is enlightened public opinion, which is usually tolerant and often asleep. When it wakes up, and finds its servants have been stealing too much, its power is absolute, and temporizers like Mr. Payne are as obedient as little children.

**T**HE HONORABLE MARCUS A. HANNA has lived a considerable time in the world, and he has learned a number of things. Anybody who thinks that recent events in Ohio have put an end to this statesman has a fair chance to be mistaken. Mr. Hanna is not so youthful as he was, and younger men, like the President and Senator Foraker, may push him from his stool; but, on the other hand, they may think he is ended before he is. A man with as much brains, money and experience as the senior Senator from Ohio is not dead until he is buried. The chances are against Mr. Hanna's ever playing in the future a part as big as he has played in the past. The odds are against it, but long odds sometimes win. He can not stem the tide which now makes the President irresistible, but he can wait. He can arrange to be in the strongest position if the tide turns while he is still alive. The Honorable Marcus Hanna is not a man of broad or deep vision, but he has made few tactical mistakes. He backed Mr. McKinley at the right time and gained heavily. When other leaders were wondering how to meet Mr. Bryan's attack on trusts, Mr. Hanna came out boldly in defence of trusts, and the election showed that he had felt the public pulse aright. Later, the drift against combined capital became stronger, and Mr. Hanna appeared in the centre of the stage as the champion of labor and a chief priest of the popular and safe doctrine of conciliation. The other day, when the dispute arose about Ohio's endorsing Mr. Roosevelt for another term, Mr. Hanna's backdown had in it a heavy body-blow for the President, and a calculation for the future. "Since you are willing to come out openly and work in every way for your nomination a year ahead," said Mr. Hanna, in effect, but with entire courtesy, "of course I have no more to say." Fate may deal your Uncle Marcus a series of bad hands, and even put him out altogether, but he can be counted upon to play a good game with whatever cards he happens to hold.

MR. HANNA

**T**HE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME brings in his revenges. Modern democracy has been good to many workers, but for none has it raised wages more than for those who write. The scribbler is no longer a man who lives in a garret. If he scribbles with moderate ability, he has plenty to eat and wear, even if he is a poet. Often he earns so much that he consorts, out of his earnings, with the members of the great world who live at the pace allowed by pork and railway dividends. Shakespeare, after a quarter of a century of popular dramas, was able to retire on a competence. He was the most successful playwright of his era, and he finally made, out of all of his dramas, a fortune corresponding to what Mr. Barrie made out of "The Little Minister" alone. A very successful play gives the author one thousand dollars a week. On a book he usually receives from ten to forty cents a copy. A sale of one or two hundred would furnish him with as much money as Milton received for "Paradise Lost," and the book that will not sell a thousand in these days must have an exceptionally narrow range of interest. Journalism, directly and indirectly, has done marvels for the poor author. Journalism leads millions to read, and when they have formed the reading habit on newspapers, they also read books. It also tells the scattered millions what books there are to read. It pays the writing man directly for his time, in a way that was unknown before. The anonymous author who uses some descriptive powers on a ball-game or a fire, and is called a reporter, is assured of comfort. He who forms plausible opinions about current events, and is called an editorial writer, earns as much as a dentist. He who says anything of interest to most men is syndicated, or in some other way paid more than writers ever earned in any other era. People, even now, think it is remarkable if a famous writer receives twenty-five cents a word for magazine articles, or fifty thousand dollars for a book. An equally noted lawyer or business man makes ten or a hundred times as much. Literature is not in the same class with sugar, steel and oil, and it never can be. The public, however, with

THE POOR AUTHOR





its new hunger for reading, does grant, to the most attractive authors, wages fairly comparable with what it pays for moderate success in a surgeon or a butcher. Still, let no man delude himself that the literary profession is a bed of roses. On the whole, the pursuit of literature is not a bit more amusing than any other respectable quest of cash. Literature, after all, is merely a branch of commerce. Said the sapient Doctor Samuel Johnson: "No one but a fool ever wrote except for money."

**T**HE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE EXISTS in many men to-day, as strongly as it did in the days of Ivanhoe and Richard the Lion-Hearted. Danger seems to have a perennial charm. Some men go to war for patriotism, but more go with the feelings which lead one band of small boys to seek combat with another. Expeditions to ward the poles are justified on scientific grounds, but the actual men who compose them are led by the longing for adventure. The steamer *Discovery* is now ice-bound in the Antarctic regions, awaiting relief from Great Britain. What contributions on subjects of botany, geography biology and magnetism have been made by her voyage, we do not yet know. What we do know about, and what impresses most both the popular imagination and the explorers themselves, is the series of dramatic adventures. One period of darkness lasted one hundred and twenty-one days. A lieutenant fell twenty feet and

THE SHIP  
"DISCOVERY"

was saved on the brink of a precipice of twenty-five hundred feet. Several men slipped on a glacier, and all were able to dig their knives into the blue ice and check their progress toward destruction, except Thomas Vance, who was hurried over the precipice with a final scream. Clarence Hare slept six days and a half, without awaking, in a bed of snow. Twelve men were blown into the ocean by the wind, and saved. The dogs died of canned food, and the men hauled the sledges. We all love to hear of such adventures, especially when we know that they are real. There is a wonderful essay by Robert Louis Stevenson, called "The Lantern Bearers," which explains this charm of adventure more skilfully than any other piece of writing that we know. The charm exists in all of us. In some it is strong enough to cause the actual trip to polar regions, there to face the freezing, and the desperate fall to death. In others it is only strong enough to give enormous sale to such a book as Nansen's "Farthest North." The man who seeks adventure is still a hero, and the rest of us love him for the dangers he has passed.

**"WHAT IS THE REASON,"** ASKED the British statesman Lord Brougham, that "so many of your people desert the distinctive principles of your government, when they come to Europe?" The question was addressed to James Fenimore Cooper, who was himself bitterly attacked for his English sympathies, even by people who had been made happy by his Leather-Stocking tales. Cooper had been perfectly fair. He had told just where our civilization was superior to the British, and with equal frankness had noted English superiority to us. In those days, however, praise of England was offensive to all Americans except the Anglomaniacs. "To what class of men do you refer in particular?" Cooper asked of Brougham. "To your foreign Ministers, especially," was the reply. Lowell, strong man though he was, seems to have lost sympathy with his countrymen when he was Minister to England, and there have been notable instances since his day. Times have changed, however, and

A HEALTHY  
CHANGE

the best Americans remain themselves, however close they come to any foreign society; and the foreigners like and respect them more for maintaining their nationality. No man in America, proceeded Cooper, can have national pride, which is the groundwork of all true nationality, who has not pride in distinctively American institutions. Moreover, we may add, he should enjoy American life, as well as believe in American principles. The most successful diplomat we have produced lately, Mr. Hay, has been able to combine friendliness for England with firmly founded American beliefs, tastes and interests. Whether dealing with England, China, Russia or Germany, he has shown a courteous understanding of the foreigners' view with a clear and single devotion to the interests of his country. He has been never aggressive, always strong. Our diplomats, often chosen from our ablest lawyers, have usually been skilful. We have now reached a stage where it is easier for them to be at once skilful and sympathetic, patriotic and urbane. They can make themselves popular abroad, without ceasing to be Americans, as Benjamin Franklin, an exception in those days, did one hundred and twenty years ago.

**D**IVINITY STILL DOTH HEDGE A KING, in two of the great powers. There is a difference, however, in the personality of the two divine potentates. The Czar, although a more absolute monarch than the Kaiser, has less personal sense of his divinity. For pure, unadulterated, mediæval royalty, nothing could surpass

William the Second. His undertaking, last winter, to pass upon questions of biblical scholarship was equalled by his list of the world's greatest men, with the filial inclusion of his grandfather; but he has just done something else, which for childlike confidence in our interest in everything pertaining to himself surpasses his own record. He has sent to the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin a small piece of bark, with a label attached, the label stating that the bark was used by William the Second to tie up the arm of his Empress, Auguste Victoria, when the Empress fell from her horse, in the Green Forest, on March 27, when no medical aid was at hand. Presumably part of the Museum is devoted to the bandages used on the children when **ROYALTY** they were vaccinated, and there must be glass cases, with jewelled settings, to contain and properly to exhibit the first teeth of all members of the royal family. There was something ridiculous in the pride of monarchs even in the days of Ozymandias, king of kings, but now, when everybody thinks of a king as finite, such swellings of the chest as seem necessary to Emperor William have in them something offensively absurd, like the insistent boasting of a boy. To carry the German Emperor's connection with museums a little further—ought he not himself to be caught, stuffed, and exhibited, under a glass case, as a rare relic of the mediæval age?

**M**OST EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS to-day happen to be young. The Czar and the Emperor of Germany, who wield the most absolute power, the King of Italy, and several minor Kings and Queens, are in the earlier parts of mature life. The King of England is rather old in years, but his interests and nature are such that a venerable figure is not exactly what he will ever cut. There are just two rulers in Europe to-day who fill out the picture of the wise old man. One is the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who is looked up to as the wisest of his family and the father of his people—a virtuous sage. The other rules over no nation, but he is at the head of a mighty institution, and he is the most striking personal figure in the world to-day. He has recently been visited by the sovereigns of Germany and Great Britain and by the President of France, and the same homage is about to be paid to him by the Czar of all the Russias. These pilgrimages are not only a recog- **OLD RULERS** nition of the Church of which he is the head, but a mark of the respect which men and nations like to show to an official who approaches the end of life, full of spiritual elevation and intellectual depth. Years bring either pitifulness or nobility with them. Western peoples refuse to honor age, independent of merit, as Chinamen honor it, and the march of modern ideas has taken away much of what the old formerly claimed by age alone. No civilized country has ever before existed in which the rights and privileges of parents were as few as they are in America to-day. When old men are honored and liked to-day it is because they deserve it, whether they are private citizens or powerful rulers. The Emperor of Austria and the present Pope are the kind of men whose years, adding to their wisdom and their virtues, make the world ever more eager to do them homage.

**O**UR ERA, IT IS OFTEN SAID, has seen the apotheosis of middle age. In many important activities, such as politics, the period of life which brings high position has grown later. Alexander Hamilton at thirty-five was not only a tremendous influence in the nation, but he had many years of important and leading work behind him. Lincoln, in Illinois politics, called himself an old man at forty. Now we look upon Bryan and Roosevelt as infant prodigies, because they hold the stage at a period of life at which Lincoln thought he should step aside "to give the young men a chance," a period at which Hamilton had already settled the principles of what is now called the Republican party, a period which Shelley and Keats never reached, and at which Pitt had been a leader for nearly twenty years. Pierpont Morgan became a world figure when he was over sixty. In other lines, the age of success has changed in the opposite direction. We have no desire to be frivolous when **THE AGE OF SUCCESS** we state that, although woman marries later now, ballet and chorus girls must be from twenty to fifty years younger than they were when we were boys. This is an important fact, which we merely note, leaving solution to profounder minds. We are at present only able to observe the isolated instances, without conclusively stating the law which regulates them. We notice that there are fewer old men in the world of skilled labor than there used to be. Perhaps it is machinery, and the pace that kills, that have made a demand for younger men on railways and in factories; but so, at least, it is. The old workman, even when he has been a man of skill, is seldom seen: heaven knows where he disappears. Age is an important factor in success, but with poets, ballet girls, statesmen, politicians and skilled laborers in mind, it is a subject on which we are unwilling to sum up rashly.





## MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

**The World's Biggest News Topic.**—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary for Great Britain, astounded the nations, struck back with a vengeance at the American invasion, and made a bold bid for the Premiership in the House of Commons, on May 28. He practically proposed the reversal of the fiscal policy of the Empire and the closing of England's "open door" against the world for the protection of her Colonial dependencies. On the plea that the country is on the eve of dissolution, Mr. Chamberlain proposed the establishment of preferential trade within the limits of the Empire; the taxing of foodstuffs; war on American trusts, and a tariff war with Germany to prevent that nation from discriminating against Canada. The Colonial Secretary will tax food "if he can show the English people that the consequent increase of wages will offset the higher price of bread and beer." The money raised from poor and rich, through this channel, is to be applied to social reforms—such as old-age pensions. An extraordinary feature of this revolutionary proposition is the support given to Mr. Chamberlain's policy by Mr. Balfour, the present Premier. Mr. Balfour, however, took some of the wind out of Mr. Chamberlain's sails by stating that the policy had not originated with Mr. Chamberlain, but had been a subject of discussion with himself and his colleagues. Great Britain takes over half of our exported wheat and cotton, and in 1901 took \$550,000,000 in exports. Mr. Chamberlain is willing to leave the settlement of this Imperial Zollverein question of mother-country and colonies to the verdict of the people.



Arthur J. Balfour, Great Britain's Premier

**Gold and Labor in California.**—Recent reports convey the news of a new El Dorado in California, near Shasta. An immensely rich gold reef has been uncovered, it is announced—a gigantic vein of the precious metal which the action of centuries has formed into a sort of river of gold from the "washings" of the north. If the prospects and assays are reliable, this new find may develop the riches of the Rand. . . . California offers another source of profit to laborers and immigrants, barring only the "Heathen Chinee." The fruit raisers and canners have sent out an appeal for help through the California Promotion Committee. More than ten thousand persons must be found to work in the vineyards and canneries during the coming season, or great losses will ensue.

**Counterfeit Citizens Made to Order.**—The United States Secret Service has unearthed naturalization frauds, the most stupendous in history. These frauds have been conducted in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburg and Buffalo. Unknown thousands of foreigners have been passed into the citizenship fold with all the immunities attaching, for sums varying from \$15 to \$150. The practice seems to have obtained chiefly among Italians, and the investigation may wind up in a political sensation. The counterfeiters made use of forged papers and fraudulent seals, and did a thriving trade at all immigration piers.

**The Philippines Court of Inquiry.**—One of the most notable investigations the United States Army has yet seen is slated for the Philippines. Since General Miles made his now famous report, anti-imperialists



General Sumner and Staff—Captain Pershing at extreme right

have besieged the Department to reopen the case against Major Robert L. Howze, accused by Major George K. Hunter of beating Filipinos to death in Laoag in northern Luzon. On May 30, Secretary Root ordered a final court of inquiry. The court will sit in the Philippines near the places where most

of the "cruelty to natives" charges have originated. Captain John J. Pershing, who has made a wonderful campaign against the Moros and Ladrones, and who was recently granted leave of absence, will be called on in common with other active officers to tell about the methods of American officers in dealing with natives.

**Great Floods in the Middle West.**—The fury of the elements has provided the United States with its own Kishineff for relief in the middle West. More than thirty thousand people were rendered homeless and destitute, and several hundred people met pitiful deaths. Floods unprecedented since the inundations of 1881 wrought havoc in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, but Topeka, Kansas, was the worst sufferer. The rising of the Kansas River, on May 30, isolated North Topeka, a district which held ten thousand inhabitants; a furious flood prevented escape by boats, hundreds of houses were destroyed and the victims perished in the waters or the flames. The scenes of disaster were terrible beyond description. People clung to roofs and trees or fled for refuge to the high grounds, there to be overcome by the swelling waters. Some committed suicide from panic fear. Many of the refugees were sick with contagious diseases, and the added horror of epidemic plague was threatened. North Topeka is the principal manufacturing district of the city, but mills and manufactories, shops and dwellings, railroad tracks and wires, bridges and embankments, were utterly wiped out by the flood. The property loss runs into incalculable millions. . . . The principal flood centres besides Topeka are Emporia, Atchison, Salina, Lawrence, Kansas City, where a score of persons perished in the flood and fire; Armourdale and Argentine, in Kansas; Harlem and Sheffield, in Missouri; Des Moines and Ottumwa, in Iowa; and Lincoln and Beatrice, in Nebraska. The cry for relief has met with prompt response from the Federal Government and the States adjoining the devastated districts. . . . Over a hundred people were killed or mangled in a tornado which wrecked the city of Gainesville, Ga., on June 1.



The Sherman Statue at Central Park, New York

statue of General Sherman, he would have realized the importance of his work could he have peered a little into the future. Soldiers, veterans, citizens and honored men of the nation gathered together on Memorial Day, when the statue was unveiled in Central Park, by a grandson of the Hero of Chattanooga. A military and G. A. R. pageant, under command of Major-General Chaffee, took charge of the ceremonies, and Secretary of War Root delivered the oration. The statue presents an equestrian figure of General Sherman accompanied by a winged Victory. It was exhibited in plaster at the Paris Salon of the Champ de Mars. . . . A monument costing \$50,000, subscribed by citizens of America of all creeds, is soon to be erected in Central Park in honor of Baron and Baroness de Hirsch, the Hebrew philanthropists, who have given a millionaires' mite of \$100,000,000 to the world's unfortunate.

**Gathering in the "Post-Office Ring."**—It is hazardous to hold office under Government these days, especially in the Postal Department. Every week brings forth its sad news of human frailty. August W. Machen, General Superintendent of the Free Delivery Division, was supposed to be impregnable entrenched behind a bulwark of Congressmen and "influence" until May 27, when he was placed under arrest charged specifically with accepting a bribe of \$22,000 in connection with a contract for a patent letter-box fastener. His alleged confederates, Samuel A. and Diller B. Groff of Wash-

ington, were arrested on the same day. It is charged that for three years Superintendent Machen has received forty per cent rake-off on payments made to the Groff brothers. Mr. Machen was appointed from Toledo, under the second Cleveland administration, in 1893. With the discrepancy of \$227,300 in the rural free delivery division, the Government has to date suffered a loss of nearly \$300,000 on all counts. With Mr. Machen's arrest, evidence so far collected shows that the Department has been honeycombed with frauds for many years, and according to the Tulloch charges a vast number of discrepancies lead back to the Department during the incumbency of Perry S. Heath as First Assistant Postmaster-General, who has invited an investigation.



Former Asst. Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath

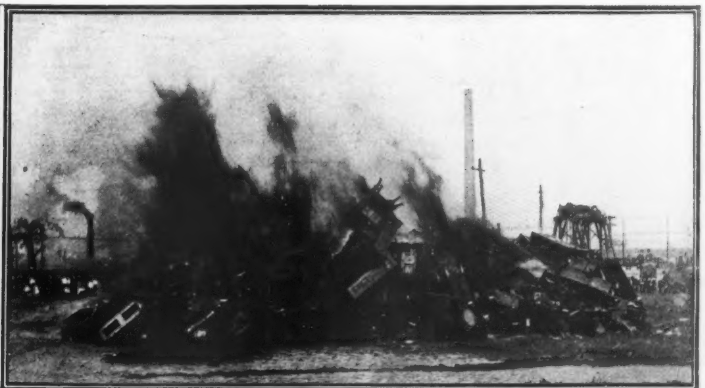
**A Legal Nemesis for Gubernatorial Honors.**—That crude but deplorably apt aphorism, "Public office is a private snap," has received the imprimatur of the St. Louis Grand Jury, which adjourned May 29 after a history-making council of war. Indictments have been found against several State Senators and other "boodlers" of lesser degree, who were implicated in the bribery scandals at Jefferson City. The body has also issued a report amazing in character and bristling with qualifying adjectives in re legislative peonage—or the traffic in Missouri statesmen. According to the satchels of the Grand Jury, the details of the testimony adduced before the body would appall a highwayman, and the Statute of Limitations alone has debarred the returning of a vast number of indictments, not only for bribery, but for a whole encyclopedia of venalities. But Missouri believes that the time has brought forth the man in the person of Circuit Attorney Joseph W. Folk, the "Boodle Fighter," who successfully fought the State machine. Apparently there is nothing venal about this Circuit Attorney, who has many times more than thrice refused kingly crowns of office, to say nothing of houses and lots. But he has not declined the imperial toga of Governor. On the contrary, he hopes his incumbency of the Gubernatorial chair may enable him to add to the inmates of Jefferson City's Bastille. Should the energetic Circuit Attorney succeed in his present endeavor to obtain possession of the persons of certain fugitives in Canada or France, it will not be difficult to pick the winner in the next handicap for Chief Executive of the Commonwealth of Missouri.

**Candidates for Sword and Gown.**—A very important event to the country is the graduation of West Point officers. There are many notable commencements this month, but the majority of the taxpayers want more soldiers and sailors to protect the growing industries inseparable from expansion. The class of 1903 turns out ninety-seven second lieutenants for the United States Army. Among the graduates are Ulysses S. Grant, son of General Frederick Grant, and Douglas A. MacArthur, son of General MacArthur, the latter standing at the head of the class. . . . Another collegiate institute of learning has achieved notoriety through great good fortune. The Princeton Theological Seminary has received from the estate of Mrs. Mary J. Winthrop the sum of \$2,130,638 to be used in training clergymen for Presbyterian pulpits. The gift was made on behalf of the Winthrop family, which traces its lineage to John Winthrop of Massachusetts.

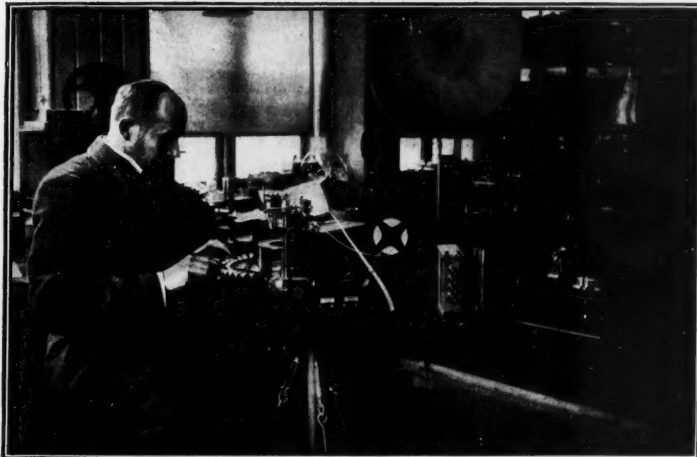


The West Point Graduating Class of 1903

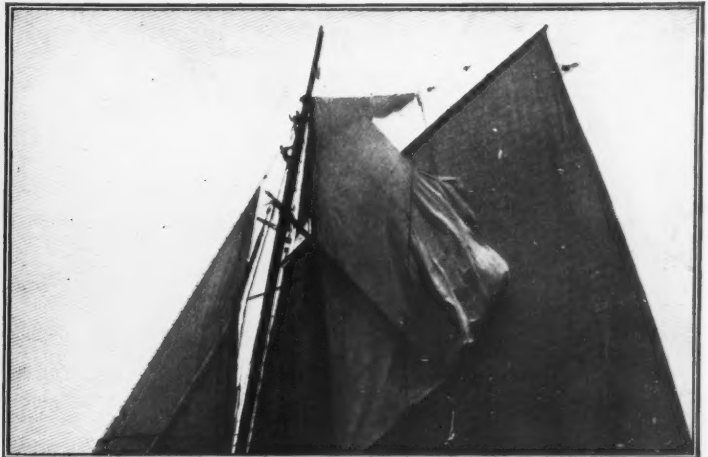




Stacking up the Machines Preparatory to Burning Them  
A Very Expensive Bonfire—Burning Ten Thousand Dollars' Worth of Machines  
REFORM IN PENNSYLVANIA—WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT MACHINES BY THE LAW AND ORDER SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA



THE "WIRELESS TYPEWRITER"—(See page 20)



"CONSTITUTION'S" TOPMAST, CARRIED AWAY IN THE TRIAL RACE, MAY 28



A Battery of Field Artillery Leaving Camp Vicars  
SCENES FROM THE RECENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOROS OF MINDANAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



Moro Carriers Transporting a Wounded Soldier



PARADE OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN NEW ORLEANS, MAY 22  
Procession marching down one side of the Street and up the other



FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONCLAVE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA KNIGHTS TEMPLAR  
Parade of the Lodges in Broad Street, Philadelphia, May 26

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME  
A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

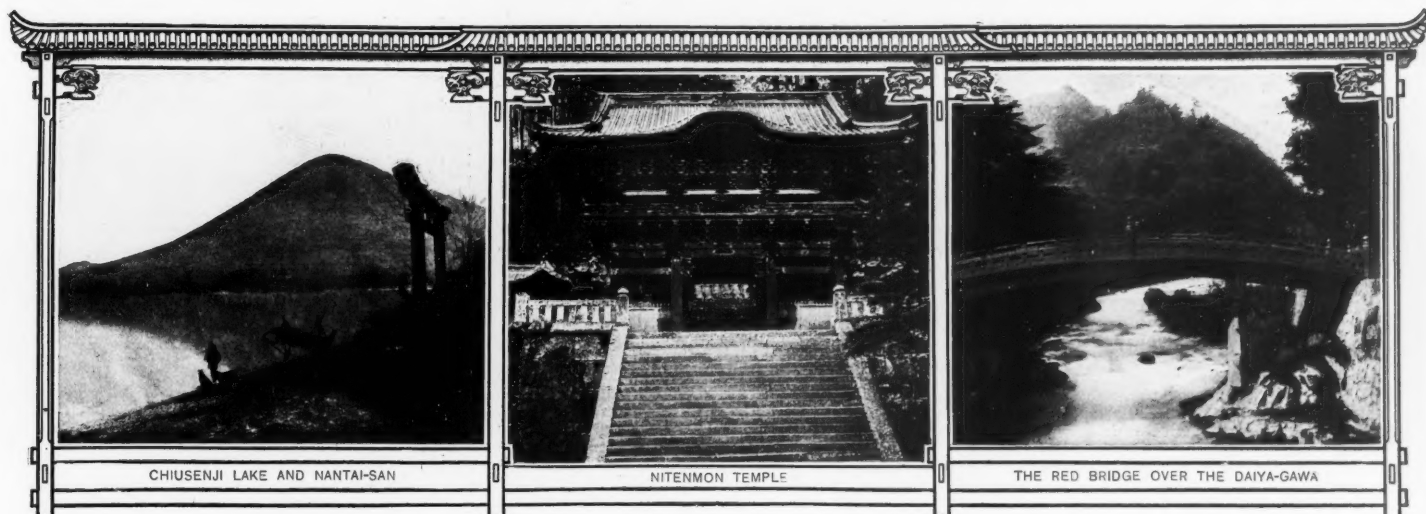


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# HER FACE AND—HER FORTUNE

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON





## NIKKO—The Loveliest Place in the World

Nikko wo minai uchi wa,  
"Kekko" to iu na!



HIS COUPLET is not quoted as an original poem, nor even as a new discovery in ancient poetry, for to tell the truth, speaking after the manner of the small boy, it is somewhat of a "chestnut" in Japan. But being confident that Japanese poetry is not familiar to all Americans, I venture upon it, and do not suppose that I shall insult the intelligence of my readers by giving the translation at the same time. Here is the celebrated couplet turned into prosaic English:

Do not use the word magnificent  
Until you have seen Nikko.

Or in other words:

You can not say kekko (splendid)  
Until you've seen Nikko.

A day's holiday from the exacting and absorbing duties which brought us to Japan had enabled us to say "Kekko!" and we shall never cease to be grateful for the privilege. Nikko lies about a hundred miles north of Tokio, and is dear to all Japanese as the burial-place of the great shoguns Ieyasu and Iemitsu. But to travellers from other climes, Nikko is "kekko," because of the magnificent temples with their wealth of lacquer and carved work; their great bronze and stone lanterns; their curious and elaborate carvings of fabulous beasts, of monsters that never dwelt on land or sea; for its magnificent setting of mountains and ravines and cascades; but, above all, for its superb pine trees, which here tower in majesty and symmetry as I have never seen them in any other part of the world. California's great trees are bigger, to be sure, and more stately, but they often stand by themselves, apart from other glories of nature, or where they are united only with the beauties of towering mountains and filmy cascades. The exquisite works of art, also, which have made the Nikko temples famous in all the world, are wanting. But in Nikko everything combines to make the title of my article true.

Most famous places disappoint the traveller. His anticipation runs ahead of the reality. The cold facts do not substantiate his dreams. But there are two show-places in the world of which this can not be said: one is the Taj Mahal of India, the other the Buddhist shrines of Nikko. One of the delights of Nikko is found in its little surprises, if we may so call them: the smaller wonders of architecture or ornamentation, which are so perfect in their way that they give the impression of exquisite nicety at the same time with the broad ideas of magnificence and strength, which can not fail to be awakened. For instance, the red bridge which spans the Daiya-gawa, a stream about forty feet wide, which one crosses in going to the temples. The bridge itself is a marvel, for it is said to be entirely covered with red lacquer. One can not get near enough, however, to discover whether it is lacquer or mere common red paint, such as our New England ancestors, of an economical turn of mind, painted their barns with, because red would last longer than any other color. This red bridge is a sacred object, and is closed to the public by a gate at either end. Only twice a year is it open to pilgrims, and formerly only the shoguns themselves could tread its sacred planks. The origin of this bridge, too, is as interesting as its ornamentation, for we are gravely told that when the first Buddhist saint reached this spot, whence the clouds seemed to ascend to heaven, a spot which for many years it had been his ambition to attain, he found his advance barred by a broad river, which poured its torrents over huge rocks, and looked utterly impassable. The saint fell upon his knees and prayed, whereupon there appeared on the opposite bank a divine being of colossal size, dressed in blue and black robes, and having a string of skulls hung around his neck. This being cried out that he would help him to pass the stream. No sooner said than done: he flung across

By Rev. Francis E. Clark  
President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

the river two green and blue snakes, which he held in his right hand, and a long bridge was seen to span the waters like a rainbow floating among the hills. But when the saint crossed it and reached the northern bank, both the god and the snake bridge suddenly disappeared. In the same place which the snakes so accommodatingly spanned, was this red lacquer bridge afterward built. But this bridge, like all the sights of Nikko, tempts us to linger too long, and to forget that there are a hundred other objects just as interesting.

We climb a hill, between rows of magnificent, stately pine trees, until we come to the beautiful temples which a whole dictionary of adjectives can not adequately describe. These temples were built in the classic period of Japanese wood carving and painting. They are to Japan what the Parthenon is to Greece, what the Pyramids are to Egypt, what the Sistine Chapel is to modern Italy. They contain examples of all that is most exquisite and unique in Japanese art, and examples in such bewildering numbers that one does not know where to begin or end one's description. In all, there are more than thirty buildings, some of them temples, some of them priests' houses, some of them bell-towers or pagodas, and some of them tombs of the great shoguns.

Let me pick out a few unique objects. Every one goes to see the sacred horse, who lives in an elegant stable, built near the tree which Japan's greatest ruler and warrior, Ieyasu, was in the habit of carrying about with him in his palanquin, when it was still small enough to be contained in a flower-pot. The sacred horse is kept for the use of the god, but the god evidently is not a hard rider, for the pony is sleek and fat and comfortable, and looks as though he had not a care in the world, except to obtain as many platefuls of yellow beans as the devout pilgrims are willing to pay for. These are fed to him by his attendant, on a dainty porcelain dish, and he licks them up with all the greediness of a common, every-day pony who has not been dedicated to the service of a hideous god. The pony's stable, moreover, is adorned by three groups of mon-

Useful lessons may any Christian learn from the doorway of this heathen temple.

The great temples themselves fairly defy description. The beasts and birds and fishes, the flowers of every hue and of every description, the geometrical figures, and the beautiful golden panels, each one with its own rare design, are all so bewildering that it would take a month to study their beauties, and a year to describe them. Temple after temple we visit, and each one seems a little more magnificent than the last, yet none of them are gaudy, though all are gorgeous. It has been truly said that "the sobriety which is the keynote of Japanese taste gives to all the elaborate designs and bright colors its own chaste character." Yet all this magnificence is really but the gateway to a tomb. All these gorgeous temples lead up to a mausoleum. On and on we go, through one temple after another, climbing hill after hill, until at last we come to a modest bronze tomb which is strangely in contrast with the gorgeous temples that have led the way to it, and here lies the dust of Japan's greatest statesman, warrior and ruler, Ieyasu, the Father of His Country, who was first in war, and first in peace, and is still first in the hearts of his countrymen. Many an eloquent sermon my readers may preach to themselves upon the untold wealth of this lavish magnificence, that leads only to a simple funeral urn.

As we neared the tomb on the hillside, we passed a temple where sat a demure priestess, with a face like a Puritan saint, or a nun fresh from a convent. For the consideration of a few sen she performed the sacred dance, which was really no dance at all, but simply a graceful swaying backward and forward, waving of her arms about her head, keeping time apparently to the rhythm of some silent music which she alone could hear. There was nothing sensuous about it, or suggestive of anything but the real devotion which seemed to abide in the woman's face and express itself in every motion. I was told afterward that this priestess, if such she may be called, must always be an exemplary married woman, of virtuous character, unblemished history and benevolent disposition. All these characteristics have at least showed themselves in the Puritan face, removed so many thousands of leagues from Plymouth's rock-bound shore.

But the trees! If one finds it difficult to describe the temples, one is utterly at a loss for adjectives that

shall fitly paint the beautiful cryptomerias, which, after all, are Nikko's chief wealth and beauty. An avenue of these splendid pines, thirty miles long, leads up to the sacred shrines. On either side of the road stand these great sentinels, often in rows four deep, interweaving their branches overhead and forming a complete arched passageway, thirty miles in length, to the temples beyond. When one reaches the temples, one finds himself in a grove of these huge giants of past centuries, thousands and thousands of them, standing erect and sentinel-like on the hillside, crowning every swelling mound of earth, springing up in every temple courtyard, overshadowing every magnificent lacquer shrine. These, indeed, are Nikko's true glory. These dwarf and belittle the temples made by man, magnificent as they are, proving once more how much more beautiful and glorious are God's first temples than anything that the highest skill and art of man can attain.

The traditional story of these natural spires and minarets and turrets in ever-living green is worth recording. It is said that when the great Ieyasu demanded contributions for this temple from the daimios in all parts of Japan, some sent money, and some sent magnificent bronzes, and others great stone lanterns of curious workmanship; but one daimio sent word that he was poor and could not contribute money or carvings or lanterns, but that he would plant some trees.

So he sent his servants to plant thousands and tens of thousands of little pine trees, wherever they could find soil for their rootlets. And now the fame of this Japanese leads all the rest, for while the donors of the old lanterns are forgotten, the story of the daimio who planted the trees is told to the children, and the children's children, through all the generations of those who care for Nikko the Magnificent.



THE ROAD TO NIKKO, AN AVENUE OF TREES THIRTY MILES LONG

keys, over which every visitor fondly lingers, in deference possibly to his simian ancestors. The most interesting group, of three monkeys, is in the middle. They are solemnly sitting in a row; one with his hands over his eyes, another with his hands clapped to his ears, and a third covering his mouth in the same way. The blind monkey will see no evil, the deaf monkey will hear no evil, the dumb monkey will speak no evil.



# THE PASSING OF FINLAND

HELSINGFORS, May 15, 1903.

**I**N APRIL, the formal appeal of the people of Finland to the Western world, protesting against Russian misrule, tyranny and persecution, was printed in the English and American newspapers. Not long after occurred the slaughter of the Kishineff Jews; and the Jews got so much of the Western world's sympathy that attention was diverted from the Finns. Nevertheless, while Russia pauses in robbing the Jew of his life, she continues to filch from the Finn his liberty.

"I suppose the Finns are like the Lapps or the Eskimos," said one of my fellow-passengers on the Nord Express to Petersburg. Possibly he summed up the knowledge of the average American regarding the Finnish people. But they are no more like Lapps or Eskimos than are the Swedes. In culture—in learning, religion, literature and art—Finland holds a place equal to that of Sweden. Education is compulsory even among the peasants, and co-education has made more progress here than in any other country in the world. Finland, large as California, has more large cities than that State. But who knows of Helsingfors, the capital, and the Boston of Russia? Who knows of the Helsingfors University with its enrolment equal to that of Yale? It is such a country that has just been deprived of its constitutional liberty. It is such a country that has come to its last days.

## The Petition Signed with a Million Names

To see the Finnish peasantry, the backbone of the land, we must travel far from railroads, for these people like plenty of elbow-room and so live far apart. Change the sand of the desert to snow and you have northern Finland in winter. Only in the desert there are bugs and life—sounds, ever so small. But in the land of frozen lakes there is absolutely no sound. Even the wind holds its breath. Simply a vast, white, cold, calm nothingness. A man dare not travel alone here lest he lose his reason. We were the first Americans to cross this part of the top of the world in winter. Last February, hundreds of kilometres from the railroad, we were sledging across the largest of the frozen lakes, bells on our horses just for their jingle, caps over our eyes to shut out the monotony of vision. In the middle of the lake we halted. A strange sled stood beside us. It was really a hearse, for within it, blanketed, lay a child-girl, dead. By the body was a wooden cross of heroic size, and by the cross sat the driver, the father. He had come from his lonely hut, and was journeying to the "church village" many leagues distant, that his dead might be buried according to Luther's faith, which is that of the Finns. That father was the biggest peasant in Finland, seven feet

By Gilson Willets

Mr. Willets was sent to Russia and Finland, as the special commissioner for Collier's Weekly, to investigate the political situation and to report upon its effect on the Finnish subjects of the Czar. The story he sends back is that of the unhappiest nation to be found on the earth to-day, not excepting Poland.

barefoot. He was also the most famous, for it was he who had carried to the Czar Finland's monster petition for the retention of liberty. The petition was signed by a million Finlanders, making a roll as large as a sugar-barrel. The giant peasant carried it on his back all the way from the railway station in St. Petersburg to the very door of the Czar's Winter Palace.

Of the guards the giant demanded that he and the hundred patriots who followed him be admitted, that his burden might be laid personally before the Great Presence. But the guards would have none of him or his fellow petitioners, and bade them begone "in the name of the Czar." Still, the giant set the great petition down on the Czar's doorstep. And there he left it—probably to be used to kindle the Czar's household fires.

Alas, poor Finland! For four years the policy of transforming the Grandduchy of Finland into a Russian province, the same as Poland, has been pursued relentlessly. From a Petersburg viewpoint, the transformation is already complete. Officially there are now no Finnish nation, no Finnish language, currency or laws. All Finns, according to "Government," are dead and buried, and the three million inhabitants of Finland are Russians. Nicholas is no longer the Grand-duke of Finland—he is the Czar of all the Russias. And all because Finland has been more prosperous than any other section of Russia. This constituted a bad example for provinces less prosperous, who made a demand for "constitutional liberty like Finland." In the process of Russification, Finland has been denied the right to make even her own local laws, has been reduced to a condition of extreme taxation without any representation. Business is paralyzed. No one dares invest a dollar of capital.

## Newspaper Circulation Under Difficulties

In Stockholm I met the active leader of the Finnish National party. Though in exile, the Russian police offer a reward of 20,000 rubles (\$10,000) for whom will lure him into Russia. He publishes a weekly newspaper for Finnish patriots. It is forbidden in Finland, of course, but just the same it is received weekly by every one of the 26,000 Finns of "military age." Each week in winter, when Finland is icebound, a young woman arrives at Stockholm by steamer, receives the entire issue packed in trunks, and returns to Hango, the only open port. Thence the trunks are shipped to

various young women stationed in different districts, who get the papers into the hands of the readers.

In Helsingfors I have been a guest at a dinner given by twenty men representative of Finnish thought and politics. The dinner was given in his own house by a citizen of the highest standing, and yet we sat behind locked doors, guards stationed without. For not more than three citizens are allowed to assemble without first obtaining permission from the Russian Governor; even the Salvation Army is not allowed to hold meetings. The solemnity of our secret dinner was such that one might fancy we were plotting Nihilists. But it was simply a case of misery loving company, for at least eight of the party knew that they were on the "secret list"—that is, booked for transportation by the hated Governor-General, Bobrikoff. Surely enough, since then every one of those eight men has been either expelled from the Russian Empire or taken to Siberian exile. The night of the dinner they knew they were to be the "first to go."

## The Terrible Penalty of Exile

Officially, it is declared that political prisoners are no longer taken to Siberia. Yet every Wednesday morning, at the Moscow Railway station in St. Petersburg, we may see two hundred or more prisoners entrained for the land of exile. On a Wednesday morning in April I saw this saddest of spectacles. The prisoners were marched to the station four abreast, between lines of soldiers with drawn sabres. Many were in rags. The most ragged had been supplied with sheepskins. Many walked barefoot over the ice-paved road. The worst criminals were in front, heads shaven on one side only, legs weighted with chains. At the station were many baskets of white bread, supplied by the charitable. Each prisoner carried a muslin bag, and into these the white bread was dropped. One loaf fell on the ground and a dozen men fought for it. It was the last white bread they would eat. That gone, the muslin bags would know only black bread. In the rear came the women criminals. Behind these, last of all, came the political prisoners, among whom was one tall man proudly erect, wrapped in furs. At the gateway to the platform stood his wife and child. As he passed these, the prisoner removed his cap and lifted his right hand in benediction. Just then a soldier pushed him roughly forward and the gate closed. The wife's cry of agony should have been heard by the whole free world; it represented the agony of spirit of the womanhood of all Finland to-day. For that tall prisoner, beginning there a six months' journey, most of it to be afoot, to some collection of huts in the extreme northeast of Siberia, was a Finn. Never before had the Russian iron hand closed thus upon a Finnish subject. In the sinister effacement of a country and a people, he was the first.

# Plans for the New Pennsylvania Railroad Station

By Ralph D. Paine

**W**ITHIN the next year, a crowded city in point of population and variety of business will be swept from off the map of Manhattan, yet New York will scarcely turn aside to notice the extraordinary transformation process. The beginnings of the operations involved in the creation of the Pennsylvania tunnel and terminal system in the heart of the metropolis, compel the exodus of thousands of dwellers in a district covering nearly a square mile, the obliteration of churches, tenements, apartment houses, block after block of residences, stores, shops, factories, restaurants, nearly three hundred separate buildings in all, swarming with population.

The news that a conspicuous city of some Western or Southern State had been destroyed by fire or tornado, would mean less property destroyed, fewer inhabitants unhoused, than was decreed in the plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad officials to purchase and rebuild that part of New York bounded by Seventh and Ninth avenues to the east and west, and by Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets on the north and south.

The depopulation has been enforced through the last year, until this district has gradually become emptied, by comparison with its former crowded life. To walk through its streets is to fancy that some plague has scattered the tenants in a sweeping exodus. Brownstone mansions have been occupied by policemen and their families, rent-free, for more than a year—unlooked-for luxury made possible by the need of protecting the property against wholesale plundering. Within a fortnight more than one hundred houses were vacated, as the leases expired.

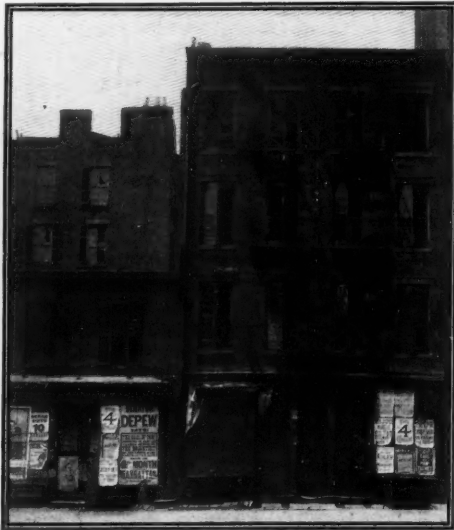
The wholesale purchases of real estate involved an expenditure of ten million dollars to obtain the ground needed for the buildings and approaches of the railroad plant, whose total cost will be nearly fifty million dollars. The real estate transformation in itself was the first chapter in the most spectacular and centralized activity that has come to any one district of the city in its history. The ultimate readjustment of real estate values, of residence and business conditions, will affect an area inhabited by a half million people. Immediately after the purchase of the four blocks needed for the completion of the Pennsylvania plans, property in the surrounding blocks increased in value an average of 50 per cent. It is conservatively estimated that the ten million dollars already spent by the railroad system in real estate has been more than equalled in increased valuations in near-by property.

This is no more than a beginning. Until the announcement of the Pennsylvania plans two years ago,

no part of the city south of Fifty-ninth Street has been so notoriously backward in its development as the Seventh Avenue section south of Forty-second Street, and extending west. The area was so persistently avoided by real estate investors and builders, that whatever changes occurred were almost invariably deteriorating. The result of the revolution wrought by the Pennsylvania plans will be the rebuilding of the central West Side of New York with modern structures whose average cost can not fall much below a hundred thousand dollars. The expenditure in property during the next ten years will probably reach a hundred million dollars, outside of the forty or fifty million dollars which the railroad operations will require. The population for which this new construction will be designed will be different from that which has inhabited the central West Side in the past. The present population will be driven out to seek new homes, as has happened in the

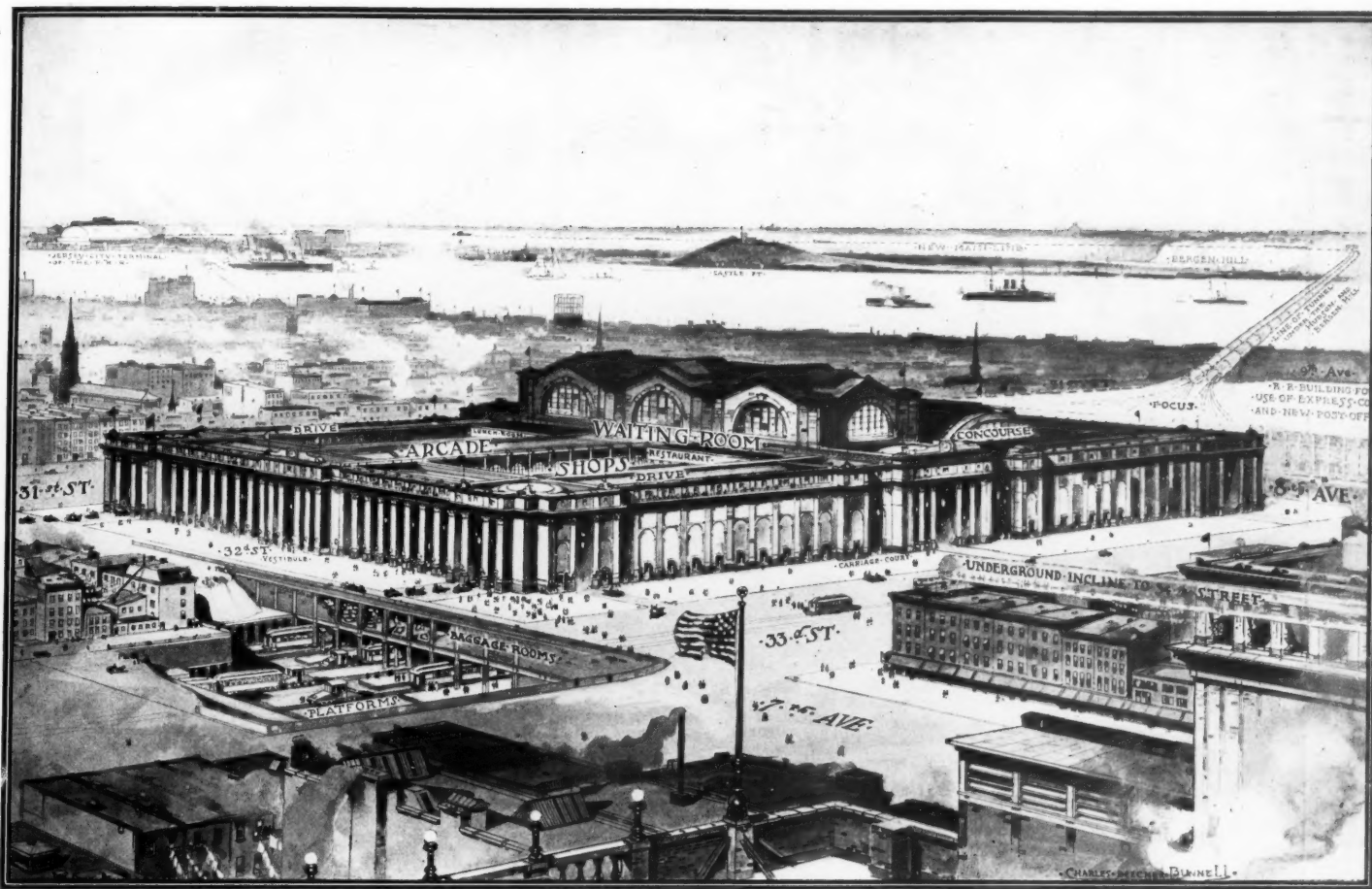
blocks already desolated. This in itself will demand an immense amount of rebuilding and new quarters, and will mean the absorption of large suburban tracts, which will be closely connected with the heart of the city by rapid-transit systems. There is no more room in Manhattan for residence, and the unhousing of several hundred thousand people will send an unprecedented tide of home-seeking humanity to the suburbs of Long Island and New Jersey.

In the Tenderloin district, the evolution will make property too valuable for the uses of disreputable persons, and a new era of rebuilding will transform this variegated district into a business and shopping section. The wave of transformation will clean up the city over to the far West Side, obliterating such corners as "Hell's Kitchen," and much of the squalid and picturesque. In conjunction with the Pennsylvania tunnels crossing Manhattan Island from New Jersey to Long Island, with a great station in the centre of the city, the Rapid Transit Subway system makes certain the development of an underground New York. It has been a common saying among the projectors of huge steel-framed skyscrapers, that "land up there is cheap." The men who plan great schemes have come to realize that there is money in subterranean New York. The metropolis can no longer spread on the surface. It is going up and down. In a few years it will be possible for a visitor to see New York underground without once rising to the surface of things. The man from Chicago will alight from a railroad train that has brought him under the Hudson River to the station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-first Street. Another underground train will take him downtown twenty feet underground; he will transact business with lawyers and brokers in marble-tiled offices underground, dodge through an underground tunnel to a brilliantly lighted underground restaurant, visit two or three department stores beneath the pavement, and keep an appointment in Philadelphia in the evening without having seen the sky above New York, setting his foot on the top-crust, or missing the daylight in the electric glare of the city's lower floor. The tunnel and railway systems are in course of construction, and the rapid spread of business life underground is an inevitable sequence. The Mutual Life Insurance Building at Liberty and Cedar Streets has five stories underground, with foundations a hundred feet below the sidewalk. It is to building operations what the subway and the Pennsylvania tunnels will be to underground transit, only a beginning of "lowest New York." When Thirty-fourth Street becomes the most important trading district of the uptown streets, houses will come down in blocks to make way for buildings which will utilize the space above and below ground as jealously as they pre-



Houses in the Deserted District





### ARCHITECTURAL VIEW OF THE PROPOSED PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION AT NEW YORK

A portion of the surface of Seventh Avenue in front of the station has been left uncovered in the drawing in order to show the platforms, tracks, baggage-rooms, etc., that will spread out under the street and the houses opposite; but, in reality this exposed portion will be under cover. The dotted line shown in the background, running along the Jersey shore, indicates the direction of the new Main Line which will come in from Marion, New Jersey, through the tunnel under the Hudson River. The question of an underground incline to Thirty-fourth Street is undecided.

empt the earth's surface. In this part of the city there will be a population which will not care whether it rains or not. Summer heat will be banished by electric fans and subterranean coolness. Underground New York will be dry, well ventilated, perfectly lighted. The many permits issued for tunnels to connect the rapid-transit subway with hotels, large stores and business blocks, foreshadow the development of this life beneath the streets, since electricity has made lighting, heating and ventilation problems easily solvable.

President William H. Baldwin of the Long Island Railroad recently outlined the great change in the living problem of New York, in this forecast: "The construction of the Pennsylvania and Long Island Railroad tunnels, in addition to the rapid-transit subway now building, is one of the factors leading swiftly to the absolute unity of New York. Tunnel construction will solve the problem which has confronted the city for more than thirty years: how to house comfortably, and at a reasonable cost, the enormous population which must do business on Manhattan Island. These improvements will remove several hundred thousand people from twenty to forty miles away from the city, and all the lower end of Manhattan, from Forty-second Street down, will be cleared for traffic and business. The tunnel system will more than double the area available for residence within reach of the city's business, and at the same time vastly increase the area available for business and manufacturing purposes. Long Island and New Jersey will be moved against the shores of Manhattan, and make one land of it all."

When the Pennsylvania plans were published in December, 1901, it was expected by President Cassatt and those associated with him, that the forty million dollars of improvements could be completed in three years, and that the four blocks in New York could be swept clear of business in the present year. There have been delays of several kinds, including the long fight to obtain a charter from the New York Aldermen, and opposition by property-owners who withheld consent to sell or feared they would suffer damages. There is no reason for doubting that trains will be running under Manhattan Island, and pouring passenger traffic through the great station in the centre of the city, within the five years fixed as the limit for completing the task, of which one year and a half have elapsed. Two tunnels will run under the North River from New Jersey, one entering Manhattan Island under Thirty-first Street, the other under Thirty-second Street, and both continuing eastward to Tenth Avenue, where they will meet the maze of tracks approaching the station. From the Seventh Avenue, or western, end of the station, subways under Thirty-first, Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, across the city to the East River, where four single-track tunnels will divide

the traffic of the Pennsylvania and Long Island Railroads, to the real terminal station on Long Island. Three-fourths of the capital invested in these improvements will be hidden underground, and the same proportion of the work achieved will be invisible to the New Yorker. He will see the four blocks of property cleaned of buildings, and imposing structures replace the hodgepodge of stores, tenements and dwelling-houses. And this in itself will be the most impressive building and real estate operation in the history of New York.

The station proper will be bounded by Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and by Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. The two blocks between Eighth and Ninth Avenues will be filled underground with trackage for focusing trains in and out of the North River tunnels.

On the surface of this plot will be buildings for the use of the express companies, and the site of the new Post-Office uptown. The capacity of the station will be twice as great as that of any other railroad station in the world.

tion. Thirty-second Street will be closed. The mass of this huge building will rise only sixty feet above the curb, yet from the floor of the waiting-room to the vaulted roof, there will be a clear height of one hundred and forty-one feet. In other words, considerably more than one-half of the station will be below the street level. The general effect of the outside will be of a massive, low pile of granite, a story and a half in height, with a vaulted glass-and-iron roof. Passengers going into the station through the Seventh Avenue entrance will pass first through an arcade, lined with shops, for the convenience of travellers. Stairs and escalators will connect the arcade with the waiting-room seventeen feet below. This will be the largest room of its kind in the world, and it will be finished and adorned in keeping with its dignity. It will be three hundred feet in length by a hundred feet in width. On this floor, there will be also two large restaurants, separate waiting-rooms for men and women, barber-shops, bathrooms and apartments for the use of travellers who wish to dress for dinner, or something of the sort. In brief, all necessities and comforts, except sleeping-quarters, will be at hand in this underground palace. The train platforms will be another flight below, but stairs and escalators will make this descent convenient. A carriage-way will lead down an easy grade beneath the surface structure, so that vehicles can be reached within only a few steps of the train platforms.

The plans have been completed, and the construction of the station will be under way in another year. In order to carry a greater share of the passenger traffic in and out of New York, the Pennsylvania Railroad is prepared to increase its fixed charges to the extent of two million dollars a year in round figures. This sum would pay three and a half per cent on nearly sixty million dollars. The city franchise cost is \$2,650,000, which includes the price of closing Thirty-second Street, and the use of four tracks underground for the first ten, and of six tracks for fifteen, years of the life of the franchise, for the first period of adjustment, the privileges continuing forever, subject to readjustments at the end of each twenty-five-year term.

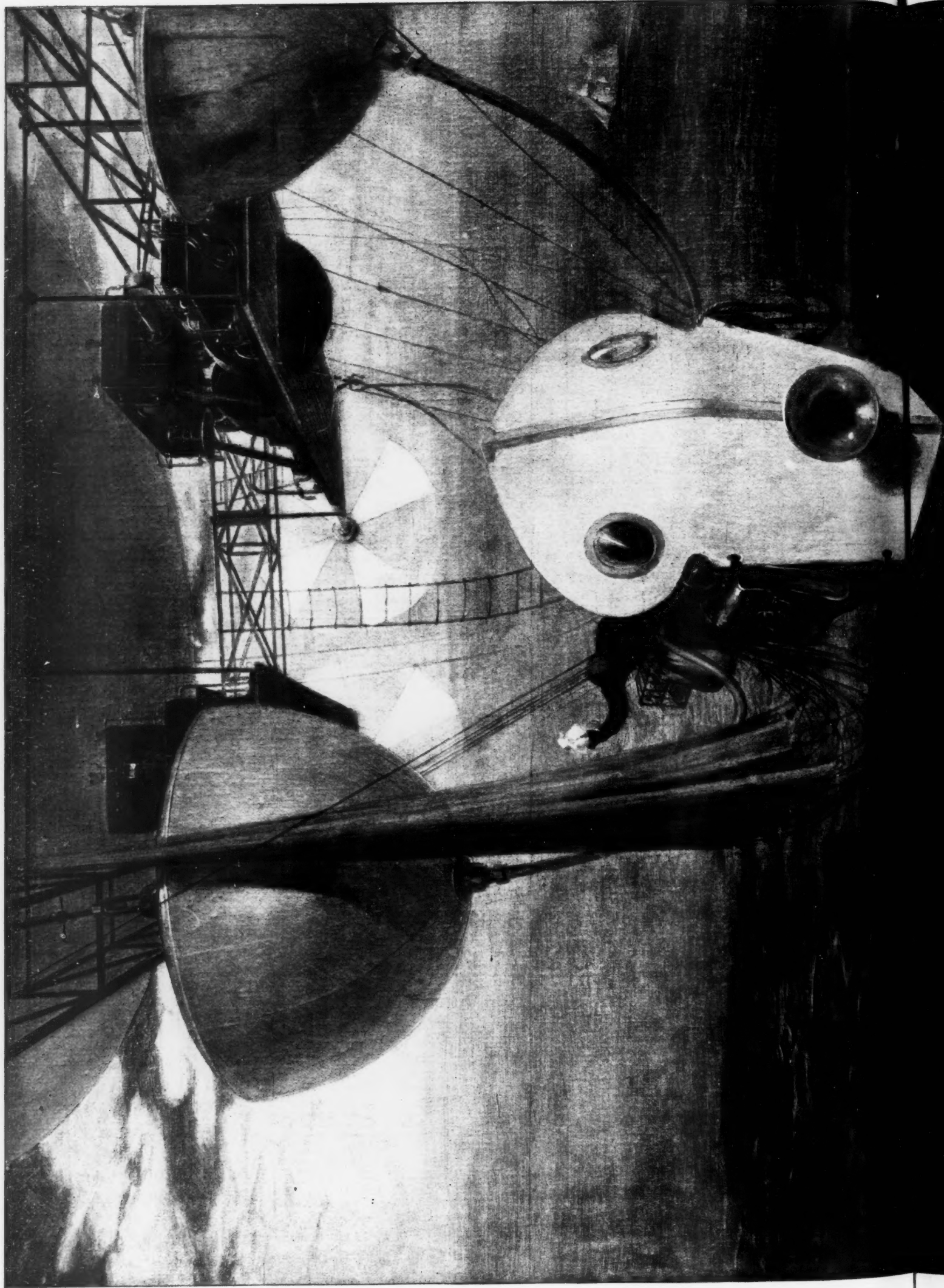
The Pennsylvania Railroad is building for the future. It is not believed that the investment will return dividends in much less than ten years' time. Yet its ultimate triumph as the most brilliant achievement in the administrative history of this great system is not doubted. President Cassatt has dreamed of a New York terminus for more than a quarter of a century. Entrance by bridges was worked out in many detailed plans, through these years, but the scheme was abandoned when the first year of work on the rapid-transit subway showed engineers that tunnelling was the cheapest, quickest and most feasible method of conquering the leading transportation problems of the metropolis.



### THE DESERTED CITY

The four city blocks bounded by Seventh and Ninth Avenues, Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets, now almost uninhabited and soon to be torn down

The total frontage on all streets will be nearly two thousand five hundred feet, as the dimensions of the structure are eight hundred by four hundred and thirty feet. The tracks will be forty feet below the street level, and the waiting-room seventeen feet below the street. The structure will not be a terminal, in fact, but a through station, as trains coming under the North River will continue on to Long Island City to be switched and returned. Twenty-five tracks will handle the traffic in and out of this metropolitan sta-







# A MID-OCEAN GREETING

AN INCIDENT OF TRANSATLANTIC TRAVEL IN THE NEAR FUTURE

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

# THE BREAKING OUT OF ANTOINE BROULETTE



ILLUSTRATED BY  
B. CORY KILVERT

By ARTHUR STRINGER, Author of "The Loom of Destiny," Etc.

IT IS NOW two years ago that a half-starved hunter of musk-ox and his guide, drifting forlornly down toward the North Saskatchewan, unexpectedly stumbled across surface gold on the upper shores of Lac la Biche. The hunter, being crafty, secreted his little nuggets and said nothing. But when the snows melted, he returned to that mysterious lake and searched feverishly, and found his deposit, in the end, to lie in a well-defined area, not fifty paces in width yet a good half-mile in length. It was far from either running water or auriferous quartz, ending at the very brink of the lake itself, and he marvelled at the strangeness of it all.

When many ounces of these nuggets were weighed out in the little wooden town of Edmonton, the new gold-field could no longer be kept a secret, and there was a sudden wild stampede of prospectors from that urban outpost of civilization, a stampede feverish in movement, bewildering in its might, like unto the migrations of the early Klondike days. But that army, eager as it was, returned empty-handed, while mining experts lost much sleep in quest of a key to the mystery of how free-milling ore came to such territory, and talked vaguely and wisely of the effect of glacial action and long-lost waterways.

Yet no river of ice, had they only known, scattered those yellow grains for the eye and hand of our musk-ox hunter. To solve the mystery of that gold, we must go back yet another long year, and in an abandoned trader's shack standing almost in the shadow of Fort Resolution, far to the north, we must mark the beginning of all end to the adventures of Andrew MacLanaghan and Antoine Broulette, fellow travellers, co-miners and traders, and rascals in common.

"Ye're a fool!" MacLanaghan was crying, his lean body quivering, his pale eyes flaming. "Ye're an infernal fool!"

In his sudden tempest of blind fury, he gave vent to a volley of blasphemy so foul that the other man looked up at him in languid wonder, and then fell to whistling softly, tauntingly.

"Where'd ye a-been to-day, y' white-livered half-breed, if I hadn't stuck by ye! Where'd ye be rottin' this night, if I hadn't sweat the fever out o' your black-guard carcass! An' what good would all your dust be doin' ye, if I hadn't pulled ye out o' Porpoise Crick! Tell me that, ye fool!"

The long winter had worn the soul of the gaunt Scot to the wire-edge, and he raved and stormed at his one-time friend and comrade like a madman.

But Antoine Broulette, the runner, merely laughed softly. Pursing his lips, he leisurely struck a match, and as leisurely proceeded to fill the walls of the square-timbered little shack with the fumes of that heavy and ill-smelling tobacco which obtains only north of the fifty-third parallel. He could afford to be patient.

"And I say it to ye again," went on MacLanaghan, pausing in his strides up and down the shack, "no woman comes into this camp when I'm here—no woman, white or red!"

The lean, hairy fist of the Scotch-Canadian smote the hemlock table as he spoke. His pale eyes glared at the unperturbed runner, who looked with gently raised eyebrows at the bowl of his pipe, and then up at the blackened roof-beams of the little shack.

"Den you—you t'ink you do go?" he hinted suavely. "Go?" roared the other. "Go? Not till I go in a coffin!"

Once more the Frenchman whistled softly, and raised a ponderous, indolent shoulder.

"Bapteme! Den I t'ink, Scottie, I will mebbe do w'at I lak wit' dose t'ings w'at you have no mout' in!"

In earlier and more lucid days, MacLanaghan might have seen that the runner was egging him on; he might have foretold that his enemy's one end was only to madden him beyond all endurance. But the long, desolate miles of the Yukon Overland Trail and the months of hardship in the open snows, and the weeks of starvation in camp, had tried the Scot's nerves to their utmost. He was no longer the man of grit and might that he had been. He was being slowly frayed

and worn away; Broulette could see that, and he waited softly for the beginning of the end. All the way from Circle City to Fort McPherson, MacLanaghan had tried to fight back that impending end. Alone in that land, he knew he was helpless. Up the dreary, endless reaches of the Mackenzie, he had elbowed aside insult and taunt, knowing too well how far his destiny still lay in the palm of Broulette's capricious hand. For the five dull weeks that they had been held up at Fort Resolution, awaiting Gray Wolf and his dogs, the Scot had still kept silence. When once Gray Wolf came, he felt, and when once they had dogs and sleds—when once they had struck down through that white, oppressive, overwhelming waste of the Barren Lands—then he could assert himself. But Gray Wolf, the fleetest of the Dog-Rib runners, was slow in coming, though old Bending-Back, the young buck's father-in-law-to-be, swore day by day that the morrow would bring him, and told them still again of Gray Wolf's many dogs, and looked askance at the two white men's little buckskin bags, and shook his head many times.

Kindred spirits though these two white men were, bunkies more diverse seldom swung over the same trail. The one, a pale-eyed and hard-fisted Scotch-Canadian, lean, wolfish, unrelenting to the uttermost, was possessed of a nature as cold and dour and dogged as it was cannily unscrupulous. In times past, perhaps, he had been honest enough, for some thirteen years threading the trails and clerking in the posts of the Great Company. But certain silver-fox pelts had gone astray—just how and where MacLanaghan never confessed—and the over-ambitious clerk began life once more, with a new name, and on his own hook. Then the Klondike fever took hold of him. It was when pushing doggedly up toward Dawson City that he first stumbled across Broulette, on the Overland Route, a wiry and swarthy-faced French-Canadian from the pinelands of northern Ontario. Broulette was then a driver for one of the dog-brigades on the Mackenzie River Mail Packet—hasty, wordy, blasphemous, a braggart and a daredevil, a singer of chansons, and a teller of tales, and a lover of women; when he had money, it went for drink and carousing; when his beaded "skipertogan" was empty, he turned once more to his dog-brigade and his travel, light of heart, merry of eye, singing his snatches of strange Provençal song, brought all the way from the lumber-camps of the upper Ottawa.

Broulette needed no second bidding to join MacLanaghan. Together they went through the mail-packets, with despatch and infinite care, extracting what was of value, flinging into their camp-fire what seemed useless. The government sled and dogs were as incontinently taken over, and while the official reports of the Northwest Mounted Police duly recorded Broulette as another old and trusted servant of the Crown gone to his heroic death on the trail, that much-misunderstood worthy and his new friend were heading for the Land of Gold, working their way grimly over the mountains at the headwaters of Half-way River, and pushing on through ice and musk and starvation to the Kelly Banks. From there they drifted painfully on to Selkirk, and would surely have died miserably, had not MacLanaghan, on their darkest day, spied an empty Peterborough canoe drifting past their shred of a camp. He waded out into the icy water, flung a shrunk and unsightly body that lay in the bottom of the craft unceremoniously overboard, and three days later sold the canoe to a stranded corporal of the Mounted Police for the audacious sum of six hundred dollars. It was that transaction which marked the turn in the tide of their affairs. If it was this strange couple who robbed the cache at Quill Landing, and if after different dealings with fellow prospectors certain murmurs were heard, their flood of luck bore them beyond the pale of such trivialities. They stood, in the end, among the biggest of the Bolder Creek stakeholders, and in eighteen months had washed out enough dust to all but turn their heads.

Yet neither MacLanaghan nor Broulette had cared to start back with their wealth by steamer. They deemed it wiser to choose the less-observed route, and with their gold-dust sewed up in many stout little bags of moosehide, they had fought their way, in the face

of untold hardships, down to Fort Resolution. And there time had hung heavily on the restless heart of Antoine Broulette. In his hour of enforced leisure, that gallant had cast not unkindly eyes on Skipping Rabbit, the daughter of Bending-Back, and had even placed a Winchester, two blankets and an ounce of gold-dust before her old Dog-Rib parent, as purchase-money for the lady in question. But all these riches Bending-Back had disdained. His child was to wed with Gray Wolf, the runner. Yet he let it be understood that an extra blanket or two and twice the gold-dust might cause him to waver. The Frenchman eloquently lamented the sordid spirit of the red man, and wooed the nimble Skipping Rabbit after his own fashion. And it was over the impending results of that unjust and incongruous courtship that MacLanaghan and Broulette had reached the beginning of the end.

"Mebbe you t'ink, Scottie, Skippin' Rabbit don't mak' de ver' good squaw for me, eh?"

MacLanaghan turned on the Frenchman again, and again he smote the table.

"Squaws! This is no time for dawdlin' round with squaws, y' blamed fool! And ye've got a wife, ye cur; a wife and children, in Edmonton!"

"What I care?" observed Broulette quietly.

"Yes, and we'll find it easy, won't we, gettin' south of the Line? Antoine Broulette, with a squaw and forty-eight thousand in gold-dust—a fine catch for the mounted p'lice somewheres about Athabasca Landin'!"

"To 'ail wit' de p'lice!" said Broulette cheerily, knocking out his pipe. "For t'ree year almos', I have leeve lak a pack-hoss; an' now, *sacredam!* I tail you I will 'ave my day! A good tam, by gare, I don't care w'at 'e cost!"

"And then what?" sneered the other.

"I'm in loavé, Scottie," mocked the other; "I don't care w'at 'appen!"

MacLanaghan confronted him, white with impotent rage. He knew it was the end, the long-dreaded end.

"Then, by God, we split, and split right here!"

It had come at last. He had hoped that they might cling together until the lights of Edmonton shone out to them, at least, above the Saskatchewan. For Broulette, of all men, knew the trails of the north. But now he would have to face it out alone as best he could, cost what it might.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders airily. "Voilà!" he said resignedly, crossing his legs. "Ver' wail!"

MacLanaghan, white but determined, turned to weigh out the gold-dust. Broulette stopped him with one graceful sweep of the hand.

"To 'ail wit' countin' heem out dat way! W'at you say, Scottie, if we toss for heem?"

The canny Scot looked at him lynx-like, and his pal-lor suddenly heightened. To the other man it meant a mere week's carousal; to him it meant so much! With it he could live clean and decent once more; with it he could make a home for himself, and marry, and yet see a child or two about his knee. His thoughts even went back to little Jeanie Douglas of Arbroath, the belle of his boyhood home. If she were gone, there were still others; one, somewhere, could be found. And the heart of the hardened man cried out for something better from life. . . . But then, if he should lose; if, after all, it should slip through his hands? The thought of it left him weak and sick.

"A leetle scar, mebbe?" mocked the runner beside him. "A leetle of de w'ite heart, mebbe!"

MacLanaghan's hand went to his buffalo-knife. Broulette saw the movement and smiled undisturbed.

"A leetle scar, I t'ink!" he repeated coolly, and again the other man shook with rage.

Broulette fumbled in the depths of his skipertogan, and found a Dominion five-dollar gold-piece.

"Wail, w'at you say, Scottie?"

MacLanaghan looked at the stout little bags of moosehide, then at the mocking Frenchman, and decided. He would make it neck or nothing.

"How many throws?" he demanded cautiously.

"Ow many? Wan, by gare, jus' wan!"

"Then I do the tossing!" cried the Scot, his eyes



shining. The other looked at him and laughed. Then he calmly passed over the coin.

"Ver' wail!" he said.

As he poised the little gold-piece on his forefinger, MacLanaghan's hand trembled and shook. With the fall of that coin, he knew, fell fortune or ruin. He breathed deep and fast. A sudden flick of his thumb sent the piece spinning up in the air.

"Ead!" said Broulette carelessly, through his pipe-smoke.

If any deeper feeling stirred him, he concealed it completely. Side by side, with a simultaneous movement, the two men leaned over the fallen coin. MacLanaghan's hand shook even more than it had done before, and his fingers closed and opened and closed again. The coin lay head down on the rough floor. The gold was his; all of it—his own!

Broulette languidly picked up the coin and slipped it away.

"You're de locky man!" he laughed, with his hand on the slipstirring of his snowshoe. "Now, dere's only de Leetle Skippin' Rabbit left for ol' Antoine. So I tink, by gary, dat I turn Injin immediat!" And laughing in the face of the bewildered Scot, he rolled out into the gathering dusk of the subarctic afternoon. MacLanaghan looked after him in dazed silence; then he put his hands up to his head and laughed long and loud, laughed as a hysterical woman might.

That night, once having securely locked and barred himself in, he made away with a pint of Hudson Bay rum, and until after midnight from his shack echoed muffled ballads that had seldom been heard in the shadow of that northern outpost. Yet, canny to the last, he slept with his moosehide bags under his head and a Colt revolver in the folds of his blanket. He slumbered heavily. That, perhaps, was well for him. For when a girlish figure crawled cautiously in on hands and knees, and one by one slipped the moosehide bags softly from under his head, a heavier figure stood at the opened window, with a rifle trained on the sleeping man's heart, waiting for the first move. But twice that night luck was with MacLanaghan, and he still slept.

He woke early next morning, stiff and cold, with a vague sense of uneasiness weighing on him. Sleep had scarcely fallen from his eyes, before his hand went out to feel for the dust—it was the habit of many months.

His benumbed fingers felt nothing. He looked uncomprehendingly about the room. The place was empty. The window stood half open. The moosehide bags were gone!

The meaning of it all smote him like a blow. He leaped to his feet with an animal-like howl, a cry of mingled rage and defeat and hatred. He shook and trembled as he gazed once more drunkenly about the shack. Then again he emitted his long, animal-like howl of rage.

As in a dream, he floundered out through the snow-drifts, without shoes or furs, to the doors of the fort itself; as in a dream, he joined in the excited group that told again, and in three different tongues, of the theft of the company's last sled and dogs, of the flight of Broulette and Skipping Rabbit, of the telltale tracks that pointed to the south.

MacLanaghan, still dazed and bewildered, saw old Bending-Back turn again and again to the lonely stretches of Great Slave Lake and watch for Gray Wolf. Through a haze of unreality, he found himself fighting and arguing with the factor for dogs and supplies which were not to be had, pleading with the "breeds" for runners, offering guns and blankets for the man who would join him in the chase. But no one came forward, and he raved about in the snow like a madman once more.

Then, thinly and far away, hours after this madness had worn itself out, he heard the sound of much shouting, the sharp yelping of bewildered huskies, the tinkling of many little bells, and Gray Wolf, the pride of the Dog-Rib tribe, came flashing up under the shadow of Resolution.

It was then that hope first burned in MacLanaghan's heart. It was then, too, that the red man put the white to shame, as he listened and said no word. Turning from old Bending-Back, he stooped over the trailmarks. Then he gazed to the south, and said he was ready to go with MacLanaghan. He looked the white man up and down.

"It is many miles!" he said.

"Then the sooner the better!" cried the Scot, in a sudden fever for action.

"To-morrow!" said the runner; and with that he turned to his dogs and shut his ears to both threat and entreaty. He had come many miles; his dogs must rest. "To-morrow he will go," assuaged Bending-Back, before the white man's storm of oaths—"to-morrow he will start and then he will travel with you till the Chinook wind takes the snow from under your sled, till the sands lay hot and dry under your feet!"

MacLanaghan still cursed, and counted the hours and waited. But one thought burned in his feverish brain: it was a fiery passion to be off in pursuit, to feel that he was on the heels of his enemy, that he was hauling him down, that they should meet somewhere in the white wilderness before him. He knew that his arch-enemy would never rest until Fort MacLeod had been left in his wake. He saw that it was to be a stern chase, a bitter, relentless race, the like of which was never before run, a race from the uppermost fringe of the frozen Barren Lands to the sweet-grass coulees of Southern Alberta. It was to be a race on an ice-bound course of one thousand miles and more, a course sternly laid out by river, portage and trail, hemmed

in by an inhospitable wilderness into which there could be no turning aside. It would be a race of spirit against spirit, a duel of sinew and heart, to be fought through the most desolate and forbidding country known to civilized man; a supreme and crucial test of endurance against endurance. If his gaunt limb had not the mettle of Gray Wolf's, the glinting small eye and the square-jawed jaw showed a compensating tenacity of purpose that might shame the spirit of even a Hoochi bulldog. And before he would lose those little bags of moosehide, for which he had already passed through so much, he would fight to the last strength of his lean and wolfish body.

The night was still dark, but for the gold and ruby and green of the Northern Lights wavering low on the horizon far beyond the levels of Great Slave Lake, when MacLanaghan and the Indian runner made ready. Even then, the fugitive had a good twenty-four hours' start of them.

Gray Wolf had made ready the frailest of his little freight-sleds, for they were to "travel light." MacLanaghan, waiting in the cold twilight, turned to wonder at the incongruous strength and fragility of that Great Lone Land carrier. It was only two slender, flimsy birch-slabs, laced together with deerskin, yet that diminutive ship of the Snow Seas could carry half a ton of freight over a thousand miles of trail, defying the surest-footed horse. It was not more than a foot and a third wide, though nine good feet long, tapering gracefully off to its prow that bent imposingly up and back, where it was laced together and held in place by stout deerskin thongs and emblazoned with gayly painted caribou-skin, gay with tassel and fringe. Four stout cross-bars were lashed to the sled's bottom, the under surface of which shone like polished steel. It seemed a primitive and inadequate vehicle, at first sight, and yet the wit of man had fashioned none better for the especial work to which it was called.

Benumbed by the cold, MacLanaghan watched the Indian struggling with the rawhide thong, cinching and lacing tightly down the deerskin that covered the duff. He marvelled, as he was aroused by the sharp cracking of the runner's whip and the yelping of the dogs, that such cringing, howling, snarling, ill-kept and mangy curs could do the work they did, and in doing it all but challenge the iron horse of the white man.

"Michel! Tête Noire! Brandic! Gaspé!" cried Gray Wolf, in turn, to the four huskies, huddled together in the lee of the sled, for it was fifty below zero and a cruel wind swept in from the lake.

One by one, at the crack of the whip, they slunk out to the Indian, and over their unwilling heads he deftly slipped the light, padded collar, crowned with its pompon and bunch of bright ribbons; on their cringing backs flung the bell-strung *tapis*, with its little surcingle to hold the slender traces in position; and sent the keen whiplash—into which pieces of lead were plaited, to give it weight and sting—whistling and singing through the frosty air. The gaunt-bodied team threw their weight on the slender traces, the harness-bells jingled, the sled swung about in a long circle and faced the river, and they were off. The pursuit had begun.

MacLanaghan, shod with the great tracking-shoes of the north, forged ahead to break the trail, already here and there overdrifted with light snow. Gray Wolf, wearing the smaller tripping-shoe, so fashioned that it fell to an inch within the track of the sled, swung on behind, crying now and then to his dogs, now and then stinging them with the loaded whiplash.

They were a strange and motley team, but in each the Indian took his secret pride. Michel, the foregoer, was mongrel and blotched and light of weight, but tireless and trusted, unequalled as a pacemaker and trail-holder. The steer-dog, Gaspé, was the heaviest and purest husky in the brigade, a Labrador-born, ponderous athlete on whose lithe shoulders were to fall both the bulk of the hauling and the actual guiding of the sled. Brandic, with but one eye, was a cur of uneven temper and small stature, voracious beyond belief. And Tête Noir, slim-bellied and dun-colored, had long been branded as a thief and a maker of mischief—but never had he been known to drop out of line.

But MacLanaghan was not thinking of these things. In the first exhilaration of that old familiar motion, it seemed to him that he was winging his way through space. The rigid, taut-strung shoe was buoyant and resilient. It carried him over the billowed and drifted snow like a ship over water, or a bird through the air. But above all things, the thought that he was on the heels of his enemy filled him with madness once more, and sent him with ponderous strides over the blue-white wilderness of snow.

The twilight grew into morning, and the morning into day, muffled and wan, but still they swung on, without a stop, while the frost-mist gathered and rolled away, and the sun showed blood-red over the low hills. It shone on the tall figure of the Scot, with his bright-fringed blanket capou and wooden snow-goggles and Four-Point coat; on the steaming dogs; on the Indian with his long-haired caribou capou, beaded and fringed with beaver-skin, flung loosely back as he ran, showing the red kerchief that bound and held back the lank black streamers of hair. About his waist swung the bright sash; from a plaited cord about his neck hung his huge mittens of moose-skin; on his hurrying feet twinkled

the gayest of beaded leggins. At a hill-slope now and then he caught up the trailing guiding-lines, as the team still raced and tugged on, and eased off the sled. Sometimes he floundered into the drifts, head first, and for a moment all his flashing finery was quenched in scattered white.

Yet it was not until they were on the level, unbroken reaches of Slave River, that the impatient MacLanaghan felt they were striking their pace. There the drifts were wind-packed, crunching under the moccasined foot like fresh charcoal, and down that winding and twining stretch of monotonous whiteness the trail of Broulette lay before him, as clear-cut and rigidly defined as a roadway hemmed in by curb and masonry.

It was then that MacLanaghan, shutting his great jaw, with his frosted breath coating and whitening all his lank body, lunged on with quickened strides. It was then that Gray Wolf droned a chant in the tongue of the Dog-Ribs, a chant imploring Tête Noire to shame the wapiti with his fleetness, a prayer for Pilot to speed with the hoofs of the Phantom Buffalo, a command to Michel to leap on like the Rapids of the Waziska, where the canoes can never turn back.

On and on they went, the arching sled-prow flinging aside the loose flakes and licking up the miles like a fevered tongue—on and on, through an unchanging world of endless white, through a country low and flat and desolate. On and on they went, with the river winding and twisting and doubling on itself maddeningly. As the day wore away, they began to see stunted poplar and spruce, and the bluffs stood higher above the river-bed, and the river itself became less tortuous. Only twice all that first morning they stopped "one smoke" to spell the panting dogs. At each stop, MacLanaghan and the Indian exchanged shoes. Already, the white man, with all his grim will, was beginning to find the Indian's pace a trying one, and for all the fifty degrees of frost in the air, the sweat poured from his skin and soaked even his heavy blanket-coat. But he said nothing. At a clear stretch, he flung himself down on the end of the sled. But he could rest there only a minute. In that time, his clothing stiffened and froze; and, chilled to the bone, he would scramble to his feet once more and take up the endless, unceasing stride behind the hurrying team, swinging and loping doggedly on while the rhythmical crunch, crunch of his feet pulsed out the painful hours.

They stopped but once for a fire, under a point of land, where the tea-pail was hurriedly heaped with snow and a handful of H. B. tea flung in as it boiled up. Then hurriedly they poured the acrid, scalding draught down their throats, and untangled the traces and swung the leaded whip and were off once more.

The tea seemed to relieve the pain under MacLanaghan's breastbone, where his heart raced and drummed and pounded. The weighted lash now whistled incessantly through the air, the mottled curs yelped and tugged and scurried over the white, winding river floor, silent, desolate, never-ending. A gray wolf skulked across the dazzle of the snow glare. Later on, a few caribou flitted ghost-like across the travellers' trail. They saw the arched back of a wolverine loping cautiously along the underbrush. The river banks rose abruptly and heavily wooded, and the wind no longer followed them. To the white man, it seemed as though they were travelling through a silent gallery of the purest marble, so laden with snow, so marmoreal, was every shrub and hill and knoll. Now and then a forlorn stretch of black stumps showed spectrally above the river-bed, where some forest fire had eaten down to the very water's edge. Around them the air hung muffled and quiet and deceptively keen, like a naked razor-blade wrapped in flannel.

As they swept on from headland to headland, losing not an inch in their course, they could still read the history of Broulette's journey as from an open book.

Here the fugitive had spelled his tired dogs; there the Indian girl had been sent ahead to break the trail. Here he had adjusted the slip strings of his shoe, and for ten miles the girl had ridden on the sled before they made their tea. And there again—Gray Wolf pointed to it grimly—Broulette had stopped a moment to look back. But still the snowshoes of the two pursuers crunched out the endless hours. At times the ice was rough and broken; at other times there

were open rapids to circumvent. Then they seized the guide-lines and eased off the sled as it bounded and rocked over its rough course. Then on and on they went again, until the sky above them paled, and the red sun fell, and the lights showed green and pink in the north, and a grayness settled over all their



MacLanaghan watched the Indian

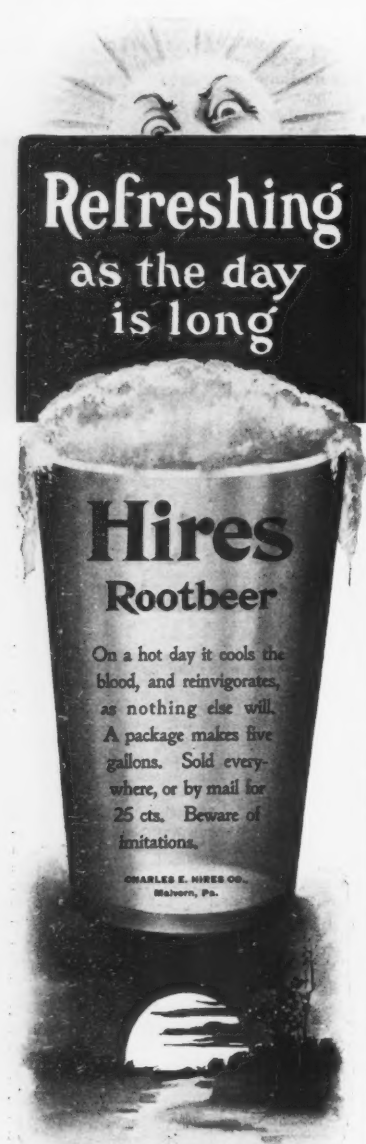


Antoine Broulette



He sank slowly down, doubling and twisting . . .





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world. The cold, hard, crystalline northern stars came out, and the mutinous dogs had to be shouted at and lashed and harried, and the Scot's aching limbs followed as mutinously in their wake. His mind was back in the Hudson Bay post at Prince Albert, dreaming of open fires, and steaming kettles, and many soft blankets. Still later, he imagined he heard the call of curlews and the sound of North Sea surf in his ears. He grew faint, and tottered at times, and the surf-beat changed to an endless ringing in his head. The strange northern crackling of the tense air seemed to him like the very lash of hell itself on his heels. But still he pushed on. It was not until he stumbled and fell headlong in the open snow that Gray Wolf pulled up, and made ready to camp for the night. The runner was not a man of many words; he read his course by moss and tree-trunk, and his time by length of shadow and light-tones on drifts, and kept his own counsel. But as he cleared the camp space with his snowshoe, he looked about on certain familiar landmarks, and quietly said they had made seventy-three miles that day.

MacLanaghan heard it dully. All he cared for was the scalding, bitter, bracing tea, and he looked on with half-unseeing eyes while the Indian unharnessed his dogs and hung up the leather strappings and unlaced the deerskin covering their duffel. Inertly he watched while the Indian gathered wood with his great buffalo-knife, and kneaded together the flour and pemmican, and heaped the teapail with snow, till the pungent, foul odor of the Inconnu fish, being thawed for the dogs, smote disturbingly on his nostrils, and filled him with a sudden overpowering passion of hunger. He crept nearer and watched while the pemmican bannock browned before the coals—watched with wolfish eyes while the tea was thrown into the pail and the bannock was turned out. And under the open stars, to the howling of distant wolves, the strange couple crouched down in the wilderness of snow and ate. A fish was thrown to each of the snarling and fighting dogs and was snapped up ravenously. Then the Indian stripped some neighboring jack-pines of their branches and flung them to the lee of the fire, which was itself heaped with wood. Standing erect, the men rolled themselves carefully in their blankets and flung themselves down on the pine boughs, with their feet to the fire. MacLanaghan's heart was still pounding too drunkenly to allow him to sleep, and as he lay under the high, open heavens, he asked himself again and again if it was not all a dream. And many times his hand went out to feel for the little moosehide bags. About the outer gloom he could catch the glare of eight fierce eyes; above the sharp crackling of the fire from the low hills to the west he could hear the dismal howl of timber-wolves. The night deepened, and the cold and silence increased. The fire sank low; the dogs, growing bolder, crept to the inner circle of the coals, only to be kicked away by the awakened Gray Wolf. The silence was torn by a sharp bark or two. The men turned over and the camp slept.

It was still dark when MacLanaghan was awakened by the sharp "Leve! Leve! Leve!" of the runner. The ashes were hurriedly stirred, the teapail was heaped and the pemmican bannock kneaded once more. The sulky dogs were caught and harnessed, while the Scot forged painfully ahead, to break the first hour's trail. His limbs were heavy and stiff, but he decided to sweat it out. The frost-mist gathered and rolled away, the twilight thinned, and once more the world of spectral white lay about them.

The white man's eyes had grown sullen and fixed and dog-like; he scarcely noticed the new country into which they were passing, the more sharply defined riverbanks, the larger timber, the thick poplar and birch and pine that stood on all sides of them. Late in the afternoon, they passed Salt River, and pushed on for Fort Smith. Then the Indian went ahead and broke the trail. Then MacLanaghan went ahead. Then the Indian went ahead, and again MacLanaghan. But over their fire that midnight, MacLanaghan fell to chanting old Scottish songs, in a tongue the like of which the Dog-Rib runner had never before heard. And from that night on, the white man lost all count of time. He only knew that it was necessary to face the cruel frost long before the first grayness of dawn, that he must push on and on until the darkness of night again shut him in and sleep brought relief to his aching legs, that tea must be drunk, and dogs must be spelled, and that somewhere in the end some forgotten, ghost-like figure was to be overtaken. A snowstorm fell around them, but still they pushed on. Sometimes the Indian led and sometimes the white man. At Fort Chippewyan they could get neither fresh dogs nor fish for their team, and thereafter men and dogs ate bannock together. But still they pushed on, stripping their sled to the last pound, caching their rifle, striking southward through a country of muskeg and lake and swamp toward Lac la Biche, but ever floundering and battling and pushing on. They could read where one of Broulette's dogs had given out, they could read his rage as he had stamped about in the snow when his harness had broken. They could see how he had forced the girl to follow the sled, commanding, no more riding in that rough country. And the girl herself, they could see by her erratic footsteps, was weak and all but falling. It was Gray Wolf, then, who led for the next hour.

The pain in MacLanaghan's swimming head grew sharper; the racing heart, crying out its last protests, sounded to him like the hurried, heavy booming of a drum. Only one dull, fixed thought kept him up—the thought that he must still keep on, and on, and ever on, until he and the other stood face to face. When or how long after it was that they pulled up on a ridge of poplar, MacLanaghan never knew. Yet a sudden cry escaped both men's lips as they gazed out over

the white floor of the frozen lake beneath them. For in the remote, dazzling distance, slowly creeping toward the further shore, they made out a small, moving speck.

"Broulette!" cried Gray Wolf.

"Broulette!" echoed the white man, turning drunkenly to the still fresh trail. The Dog-Rib runner caught up his whip, the traces were untangled, and once more, and as never before, his dogs were lashed and beaten on. They plunged down the long slope and won the open level of the lake, the white man, in some new-born madness, floundering on ahead until the ice-floor undulated and heaved and swam, till the thousand piercing needles of the dreaded *mal de raquette* forced him down on his hands and knees. In that way he still crawled grotesquely forward on all fours, his fangs showing like a timber-wolf's. Then he fought to his feet once more, and saw the little creeping speck steal in through the underbrush, still miles away, saw the wooded shores float nearer and nearer, heard the cries of the Indian runner behind him grow feeble, but still pushed on, knowing at last it was the beginning of the end.

Beyond the lake lay a broken and wooded country, but even there no trail could escape them in the virgin snow. It was still to be a race to the death. MacLanaghan's hour of madness wore itself away, and now he dragged and stumbled and limped up the slopes and heavier drifts. His blistered feet burned like fire, but still he kept on. The cries of the runner behind him grew more distinct again, but still he did not despair. He could see, exultingly, where one of Broulette's dogs was travelling with a bleeding paw. He could see where his enemy had first caught sight of him and flung away much of his duffel. Then the pain in his leg-muscles grew unbearable again, and once more he fell on his hands and knees and crawled, dragging his torn and sodden snowshoes after him. But again he struggled to his feet and limped and stumbled on. One of the dogs fell, and Gray Wolf cut the harness and left him behind.

Suddenly, from a wooded headland the runner called out to him: "Lac la Biche!" And, remote and white and wide, through the gloom of the intervening wooded hills, MacLanaghan could see the great level expanse. But through that clear northern air, as he looked, he saw something more.

Lunging on, his eyes dimly, doggedly following the racing team of Broulette, he suddenly beheld the runner drop to the rear of the hurrying sled, where the Dog-Rib girl lay exhausted. He saw the uplifted hand strike and fling her off into the snow, and Broulette himself drop into her place on the sled. And MacLanaghan, seeing this drunkenly, drew his sash tighter, and half forgot the thousand needles of pain that tortured him. His lank jaws remained no longer set, but hung loosely, for now the distended nostril could no longer feed the panting lungs. A pallor was on his face and his eyes were hollow.

Then, as he looked again, as at the shifting figures in a nightmare, he saw a still stranger thing. He saw Broulette, seated on his sled, slit open, one by one, with his buffalo-knife, the little bags of moosehide, and as his weakening team raced on, flung far and wide on each side of him, with laughter and demoniac shouts that drifted back through the still air to his pursuers, handful by handful, and nugget by nugget, every ounce of that precious gold-dust for which they had passed through so much. He saw it broadcast as he went, to the last grain, as a sower flings wheat across an open field, and shouted back his maddened defiance.

But MacLanaghan seemed not to understand, as foot by foot he clung to him, and gained on him, and hauled him down. Foot by foot, like the animal he had become, he panted after him with frothing mouth, and drew down on him, and hungered for him.

Then, of a sudden, the fleeing dog-train's foregoer fell and was unable to rise. The others tumbled and sprawled and rolled over him; the sled swerved and capsized. And seeing it, MacLanaghan howled sharply, yet joyously.

Broulette struggled to his feet, with his buffalo-knife in his hand, waiting, knowing it was the end.

In the midst of a world of snow and silence and desolation, the hunter and the hunted came together. MacLanaghan drew back for a moment, panting, struggling for breath before that ultimate effort. The other saw his purpose and advanced to meet him. The gasping Scot still drew back, fumbling for his knife; every moment, he knew, meant much to him. He gave one hurried look back at the dog-train, one look at the drawn and withered face of his foe, and then the two men closed.

Gray Wolf, floundering up a minute later with the girl on his sled, beheld the two swaying figures weakly trample down the snow. He saw the languid flash of steel in the sunlight, and heard the blades clash and strike above the heavy breathing of the two men.

But he stood sternly by, and watched and said nothing. And the Indian girl, too, sat on the sled impassively and made no sign.

Yet there, now that the time had come, neither of the two fighting men had strength for a final blow, standing impotent, face to face, after all those miles of flight and pursuit.

Then a sudden little cry of rage burst from MacLanaghan, for Broulette had seized his naked knife-blade in his mittened hand and held it there, with his arm uplifted. The Scot fell back before that descending blow, unarmed, with a terror-stricken face, knowing all was over.

Without a word, the knife of the Indian whistled and flashed through the air and fell suddenly at his feet.

MacLanaghan caught it up with a childlike little cry and once more stood ready. Broulette laughed wickedly, and again the men

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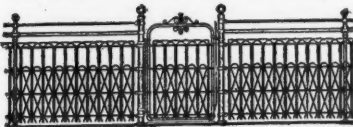
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closed. Both had begun to bleed about the hands and shoulders. But Gray Wolf still impassively waited for the blow that was to count.

It came unexpectedly, yet not from the hand of MacLanaghan. As the tall Scot lunged at the other's throat and missed his stroke, Broulette suddenly saw his chance, and braced himself to fling the full weight of his arm behind the blow. But that blow never fell.

Skipping Rabbit, unnoticed and unseen, had picked up the abandoned knife from the snow. Then, silently as a shadow, she crept to the side of her panting and struggling betrayer, and there, at the last, with one deliberate blow, she sank the knife into his open side. As she slowly withdrew the blade, which had pierced through the moosehide coat, the shirt of plaited rabbit-skin and half the man's body, a little bright jet of blood followed it and stained the snow at her feet.

For a moment, Broulette looked at it dully; then his fingers relaxed on his up-poised

knife-handle, and he sank slowly down, doubling and twisting limply up on his wide snowshoes. It was then that the forsaken huskie, creeping up after the train, ventured slinking into the trodden circle and smelt at the red blotches on the drifts. As he did so, he lifted his lean snout to the blue sky and howled forlornly, till the great moccasined foot of Gray Wolf kicked him away.

The Indian then flung his little copper teapail at the feet of the squaw, who had still said no word. She heaped it with snow and made ready the fire in silence. Yet this speechless drama MacLanaghan neither saw nor understood, for his shaking fingers were carefully counting out many little pieces of broken snow-crust, one by one, again and again, numbingly, contentedly, as happily as a child might count its toys. Gray Wolf and the young squaw of the Dog-Ribs gazed at him in silent wonder; for to the Indian mind a madman becomes a being mysteriously sacred, to be looked on with awe, and to be sought out with reverence!



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By Clement A. Griscom, Jr.

General Manager of the American Line of Steamships

THE ORGANIZATION of a steamship company is much like that of a railroad. First comes the chief executive officer, the president, who acts for the stockholders and the board of directors. To the president report the treasurer, comptroller, and the traffic and operating managers. In the traffic department are freight and passenger agents; the freight agent having officers under him in charge, respectively, of eastbound and westbound freight; the passenger agent having subordinates who divide the work of looking after the first and second cabin and steerage passengers. The operating department is naturally the largest, in point of numbers, for it includes a superintending engineer, who is responsible for the engineering department on shipboard; a marine superintendent, who looks after the deck department on shipboard; a dock superintendent, who sees to the loading and unloading of passengers and cargo; and a port steward, who has charge of the steward's department. At least, these are the principal human wheels in the intricate machinery known as organization, which does the work of the greater ocean lines.

The value of organization is demonstrated when a steamer is in port no less than when she is at sea. Suppose a ship, for example, arrives at ten o'clock Wednesday evening. She is scheduled to leave again at ten o'clock Saturday morning. All the evening, the stevedores' men, hundreds of them, have been waiting near the dock, knowing that within the next sixty hours the steamer must be unloaded and loaded again. For a ship's schedule is like a railroad time-table; it is a promise publicly given, and faith must be kept, if it is possible. Moreover, a ship in port is an idle investment; she represents non-earning capital; so the more she is at sea the better for the stockholders.

Hence, the moment the ship pokes her nose into the dock the stevedores pounce upon her cargo, loading and unloading taking place at the same time. This simultaneous manipulation of the incoming and outgoing cargo is very important. Ships have listed and sunk at their docks, simply because a stevedore unloaded too much in one place without loading a corresponding amount in another place.

Other things besides cargo must be attended to during the sixty hours the steamer is in port. While the stevedores attack the ship from the dock, barges come in from the river and coal is fed into the leviathan's capacious jaws, thousands of tons in all, enough to carry the ship twice the distance to her destination. All this part of the work is in charge of the dock department.

At the same time, the engineering, deck and steward departments are putting the ship in a condition as perfect as when she first came from the builders. The engines are dissected and vivisectioned, as it were, and then put together again, every inch of the wonderful mechanism having been inspected down to the last screwhead. "Spares" are at hand for everything; in other words, any part of the machinery that shows the least sign of wear is replaced by a similar part, brand-new and faultless.

Meanwhile, the deck department is looking after the appearance of the ship, cleaning, painting, overhauling, and putting in new things where the old ones are damaged. Down in the storerooms, an inventory is taken of the amount of food on hand and the amount that will be needed on the voyage; this work, of course, going on under the direction of the chief steward. This monarch of the pantry, a personage of such high importance to passengers, then makes out his orders for supplies. A number of caterers are necessary to fill the steward's orders; for here are requisitions for food enough for two or three thousand persons for two or three weeks—twenty to thirty thousand pounds of meat, fifty to one hundred barrels of flour, five tons of potatoes, one thousand

quarts of ice-cream, etc.; but so many stories have been told of the fabulous amount of provisions carried by ocean steamships that I will refrain from naming exact figures lest I appear to wish to knock off ciphers from the glorious figures of others.

I may simply add that seasonable products, and provisions of a perishable nature, are purchased in whichever port the vessel happens to be; meats, however, with certain groceries and canned goods, are bought on this side, together with many other things to eat, not only because they are cheaper, but far better than on the other side. Wines and cigars, of course, are always bought at the British end of our route. There is a fiction that the track of ocean steamers could easily be traced by the champagne bottles on the bottom of the sea; but as a matter of fact every empty bottle is carefully cleaned and resold to the dealers for whatever it will bring.

The rapidity with which ships are oftentimes handled in port leads to the doubt in some minds that such a vessel has been properly repaired and prepared for a voyage. Experience has shown that it is thoroughly practicable to discharge, load, clean, overhaul and repair even the largest of liners in twenty-four hours. Some years ago, the *Berlin* was in constant service for a whole year. She was at sea three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of that year, she averaged between ten and eleven knots for every hour in the year, including her time in port, and concluded the service without mishap or breakdown of any kind. The point I wish to emphasize is that frequently during that time the ship discharged and unloaded four thousand tons of cargo and coal in twenty-four hours, besides having been overhauled and sent to sea in a condition as perfect as could have been attained if she had been a week, instead of a day, in port.

Moreover, the underwriters and the governments employ inspectors, whose duty it is to see that no vessel leaves port unless she is in unimpeachable condition; so that in addition to the natural interest and desire on the part of the company to have everything right, there is this double check by the representatives of insurance and law.

It is a mistake to suppose that the fast boats carry but a mite in the way of cargo. Passengers, of course, are foremost in the hearts of owners, but at the same time freight is a very important consideration. Fast boats carry quality in merchandise rather than quantity. Every time the *New York* or the *St. Louis*, for instance, leaves port, the actual value of the cargo of either port is far in excess of one of the much larger cargoes of one of the regular freight-boats in the "accommodation" class; that is, those like the *Friesland* and the *Vaterland*, which carry a huge cargo as well as a great number of passengers.

Stevedores call the cargoes of the fast boats "toothpick cargoes," because of the vast number of small packages in contradistinction to bulky packages, like cotton, flour, tobacco and grain, which swell the loads in slower ships.

Express steamers, like express trains, naturally get what may be called "hurry trade." They get perishable goods such as dressed beef and provisions, together with manufactured articles of high grade—typewriters, sewing-machines, etc.—upon which shippers can afford to pay for quick delivery.

Specie, in gold and silver, as well as bullion, constitutes a part of the cargo of almost every ship of the "greyhound" class leaving port. So that a captain, outward bound, or inward bound for that matter, on any of the faster boats, may hold in the hollow of his hand, as it were, property to the value of many millions—three or four millions being the value of the ship itself, a million more for the cargo and still another million in specie.



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### Economics of Horse-Racing

By Wilfred P. Pond

THE RACE-TRACK is generally viewed from an extremely narrow standpoint, even by those most intimately acquainted with its workings. That is to say, very few realize what a mighty economic factor it is outside of all that appertains to the track inclosure, the racing, or the traffic in horses. Every one knows that millions of dollars go to the breeders, owners and trainers, each season, which money, in course of time, is circulated all through the country; but only a very limited number ever consider what enormous sums are profitably invested, or the great army of workers—totally apart from the sport proper—that benefit by it.

To begin with, the State Tax, to which the running race associations contribute, amounts, in New York State, for instance, to \$150,000 a year. This money goes direct to the agricultural interests, the county fairs, etc., held within the State. The daily attendance during an average season in New York is ten thousand to fifteen thousand, with a crowd of twenty thousand to fifty thousand on great days, such as the Suburban Handicap. These crowds all give employment to an army of auxiliary trainmen, surface-car operators, hackmen to run the special conveyances which take the visitors to the track, and the fare, ranging from fifty-five cents to twenty cents for the round trip, makes a difference of from \$10,000 to \$30,000 in the daily receipts, of twenty-cent fares alone, to the transportation companies, and thus to the dividends in which participate many people who are greatly opposed to racing in the abstract, but, of course, not to the dividends obtained from it.

### It Booms the Paper Trade

Then come the bill-posters, and the artists who design the posters. Most of the associations use artistic posters, the original designs being done by well-known artists who are paid comparatively large sums for their work; the men who place the posters in all parts of the city from March to November naturally benefit also. Here also enter into consideration the printers and the paper-makers, who help to produce the programmes and badges, as well as the people who sell them. The increased daily circulation of the newspapers making a specialty of racing news ranges up into the hundreds of thousands, many visitors taking from three to ten papers to obtain a consensus of opinion, and this fact is indorsed by the gathering daily of from twenty to twenty-five cartloads of newspapers thrown away within the track inclosure and its approaches. This is scarcely credible to the casual observer, but it is absolute truth.

The makers of memorandum-books reap a heavy harvest during the season. The field-glasses used number by the tens of thousands, few of them costing less than \$25 each. High prices are paid for the privilege of selling cigars and refreshments within the track limits, and these supplies all come from responsible manufacturers who seldom go to a race meeting, and whose employees benefit by this demand. It is acknowledged that the consumption per capita of food, liquors and cigars is nearly one hundred per cent greater under the stimulus of the hours in the open air at the track, than it would be in the city proper under merely normal influences. Besides, there are the attendants at the stands and the waiters, who are earning money.

### Profit for Many Manufacturers

Under the manufacturers' division must be included the saddles, bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, whips, halters, horse-boots, and so forth, to the average of a thousand horses located at each metropolitan track, articles which are constantly wearing out and need replacing. The iron foundries come in for mangers and their fittings, hayracks, pails, and so forth; there are the builders and the carpenters employed on the erection and repairing of the stables and the covered exercise yards for this army of horses at each track, many of them finding employment all the year round. Other manufacturers supply the riding-boots of the jockeys, the silk colors worn during a race, each stable having from four to twenty sets of colors on hand for the heavy, medium and lightweight boys. The horse blankets, the innumerable types of brushes, rubbing cloths, scrapers, the sodas, soaps, disinfectants, paint for buildings, tar for roofings, and a hundred other things particular to stables must be counted in too. How much such a track stable represents may be understood from the fact that the one thousand horses which represent about the active total gathered at the metropolitan tracks during the summer, require two thousand rubbers, three hundred exercise boys; over seventy jockeys ride at each meeting; about three hundred owners and trainers travel with the circuit. The Pinkerton force employed is a very large and important one; and telegraph operators, and so forth, all make up an army. Added to all these are the bookmakers, who average sixty to eighty a day, and who each employ from three to six bookkeepers, cashiers, wardmen, and so forth.

And then the feedmen! It is estimated that there are a thousand horses running during the metropolitan season, and another thousand birds of passage, in condition or out of it, connected closely with the track, bring up the total to two thousand animals. These will consume about twelve quarts of oats a day each. This is a matter of twenty-four thousand quarts of oats consumed daily at the track, not counting the hay, roots, and so forth, all of which have to be produced by the agriculturist, transferred by him to the feed-store man and by him sold to the stable-owners. Think for a moment of the farmer and his help—the implements used; the trans-



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portation necessary; the helpers of the feed-man, and his transportation, and the implements, wagons, bags, crates, employed all along the line. And what of the transportation of horses by rail? Many of them travel in specially constructed and specially fitted cars which cost thousands of dollars, and are specially devised so as not to swing abruptly, with padded stalls and boxes, most luxuriously fitted up from the equine standpoint.

We have dealt above only with running tracks, but there should also be included the multitudinous meetings, with their smaller crowds, which, however, materially swell the budget, and what is true of New York State is true of Illinois, California, Louisiana, and all the other States where racing is conducted.

## Korea's Jubilee Postponed

By George Lynch

SEOUL, April 26, 1903

THERE were to have been great festivities here this week in celebration of the Jubilee of the Emperor, but they have been postponed until the autumn. The preparations were on a most elaborate scale, and already \$800,000 has been expended in actual outlay, apart from what has been pocketed by officials. Some of the items are rather curious and interesting. Korea has no navy, and therefore was not in a position to reply to the salutes of the foreign warships that were expected. The Korean Government therefore bought an old vessel built in England sixteen years ago, and fixed her up as a warship, so that they are now ready for all the saluting they want. They paid \$220,000 to the Mitsui Company in Japan for her—or, to be more strictly accurate, promised to pay that sum. They spent \$60,000 on a banquet hall, at which a large number of Chinamen were kept working day and night, but it has been constructed in such a flimsy fashion that the foreign ministers are now very glad that they will not be obliged to trust themselves inside it. Foreign broughams and horses were imported, but no foreign-made vehicles could ever stand the roughness of the streets of Seoul, and they are now for sale. There was to have been a great garden-party to which five hundred people, including all the foreigners, were to have been invited, and gorgeous pavilions, only half completed, are now abandoned. Works of all sorts for the beautification of the city were in progress, but everything was stopped when smallpox broke out in the imperial palace, and Li-Hun, the son of Princess Om Young, was stricken.

### Korean Medical Methods

The illness of Li-Hun gave rise to extraordinary proceedings. Although there is a European doctor officially attached to the palace, he was not called in or consulted. Instead, all the most celebrated wizards, native doctors and magicians were summoned from all parts of the empire, and a perfect orgy of magic was held in the palace. The prescriptions or orders of the magicians are being carried out throughout the capital. Any violent movements are supposed to aggravate the evil spirit of the disease; absolute quiet therefore is maintained in the palace. The guards are not changed until they are ready to drop from weariness. All the works are stopped, as the doctors declare that every blow of a hammer would mean a pit-mark on the patient's face. The weather seems to hold no terrors for the Koreans. On showery nights, as well as at other times, a crowd of the poorest class of the population gather outside the palace gates, from which at intervals a quantity of propitiatory alms in the shape of copper cash is thrown to them. They are a grotesque and motley lot of humanity. Those who wear tall hats, which are part of the national dress, have little extinguisher-shaped covers on them to protect them from the rain, while some have waterproof coats of oiled paper, and a few have paper umbrellas much the worse for wear. Their loose wet garments flap dismally as they huddle together shivering around the gate, and a great wallowing scramble ensues when the shower of cash is thrown out over their heads.

### The Voice in the Great Bell

The great bronze bell in the centre of the town was tolled at long intervals and boomed with a sad and sullen tone. It is one of the largest bells in the world, and when it was first cast it sounded with a cracked and harsh note. The magicians on being consulted said it would not sound right until a live child was given to it; so it was melted again and a baby was thrown into the molten mass. The Koreans say that the wail of a child may now always be heard in its voice.

There is good reason to believe that the sickness in the palace was a not unwelcome excuse for postponing the costly festivities. The funds for them had been collected from the people, and the purchase of most of the necessary material, from champagne and foreign furniture to a fleet represented by a single vessel, had been effected. The officials had all made their handsome commis-

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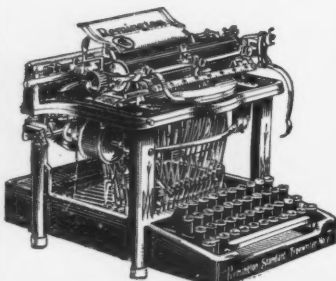
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sions, and from what one can learn the ready money was exhausted. So why should the court bother about holding the Jubilee itself? This is one of the strangest and most fantastic kingdoms of the earth, this Land of the Morning Calm, as they call it themselves—a country full of contrasts and anomalies. It still stands to-day a hermit kingdom apart, unique in many things besides the quaint costume of its people; but it is now entering on the early stages of a change. Just as Western civilization has invaded Japan, so is Japan invading this country; but it is a quiet invasion, an invasion by railways, by telegraph lines, by usury, by the quiet sapping, absorbing power of money—an invasion such as that of Manchuria by Russia. Right here and now one can see the process of conquest by new-century methods. Japan is dependent on this country for a necessary portion of her food supply. On every side one can see the way the Japanese are quietly laying hands on it in preparation for that time which they are looking for, and which they believe is close at hand, when the flag of the Rising Sun will without noticeable trouble be unfurled over the Land of the Morning Calm.

□ □

### The Last Prayer

By Theodosia Garrison

We caught avarice the flashing of the sword  
And knew that prayer weighed nothing with that Lord

Who hath not spared or pardoned any man  
Since Time's great reckoning with Life began.  
Yet to the silent feet of him who came  
We clung and whispered our Beloved's name,  
And futile, impotent, with sobbing breath,  
Our last, poor plea, "Be gentle with him,  
Death."

□ □

### Some Modern Marvels

THE RECORDING TELEPHONE is an invention of Herr Poulsen, a Danish electrician. The "telegraphone" is an instrument which automatically sets down the words of the speaker, leaving a permanent record, which may be reproduced at will. There is a standing reward of a fabulous sum for such a device to use as a repeater on long-distance telephone wires. The invention was recently on exhibition and tested satisfactorily before the Institute of Civil Engineers.

A new submarine boat has been offered to the French Government by M. Raoul Pictet, a Swiss inventor. This engine of destruction the inventor claims will put an end to battles at sea for all time, because the wholesale extermination of the combatants, to say nothing of the resultant depletion of national exchequers, from high-priced battleships being sent to Davy Jones's locker, will be too horrible to contemplate.

German scientists are busy. Two new explorers are in the North Pole field. They intend making a dash at the Pole by means of a submarine boat equipped with wireless telegraphy, so that their movements may be recorded from day to day as they progress. Should they get frozen in, at least they will be able to report their last impressions to a watching world—presuming their apparatus works all right.

#### A Wireless Typewriter

The wireless telegraphy typewriter is the latest application to industrial uses of the etheral wave system of communicating across space. The forefather of the invention was a duplicating device with wire connection, which was exhibited some years ago before various scientific bodies. With that apparatus one despatching a message wrote it upon a gelatine pad, with a metallic stylus. A duplicate pad was attached to the other extremity of the wire. Upon this second pad a facsimile of the written message appeared in electrical tracing, the letters inscribed upon the sending pad being instantaneously reproduced. The "wireless typewriter" is an application of this principle. Instead of using a stylus, the sending operator merely writes his message on an ordinary typewriter having polar connections. As the communication is tapped off, a sympathetic connection through the ether is formed with another typewriter which dots down the corresponding letters. In the case of the model and first working apparatus, wireless "connections" were established between various apartments in a large industrial works. As the transmitting typewriter acts also as a recording receiver and vice versa, messages are sent back and forth with rapidity and certainty. The "plant" of this curious device is necessarily costly, but should it prove successful in operation under ordinary and normal circumstances, no expense will prevent its adoption and use in great industrial establishments. It is more certain than the telephone, for it leaves a permanent record. Should it be carried out in imagination to indefinite possibilities, the result is startling. The mail service would be abolished, millions lost in money to governments and to manufacturing concerns supplying writing materials, the telegraph would be superseded, an army of the world's workers thrown out of employment—in fact, its potential possibilities are unlimited. However, the device is still in its experimental stage.



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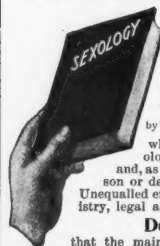
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# THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the year 1602, Claude Mercier, a young Calvinist, comes to Geneva to study. He takes lodgings with Madame Royanne, a bedridden invalid, and eventually becomes her daughter Anne's accepted lover and protector. One of his fellow tenants is the scientist Basterga, the Duke of Savoy's secret agent for the violent acquisition of Geneva. Basterga offers the Syndic Blondel, who believes he has an incurable complaint, a precious potion good for all mortal ills, as a bribe for the betrayal of the city. But the Syndic, having been charged by the Council with watching the scientist, attempts to obtain the medicine by stealth. Anne, through innocently becoming an abettor in the theft, learns the reputed qualities of the medicine and gives it to her mother. Basterga assures Blondel that the stolen philtre is not the great remedy, but scientist and Syndic, incensed against mother and daughter, spread a report decrying them as witches. Anne is consequently assailed by an angry mob; she is only rescued by Claude's valiant intervention. Meanwhile the suspected scientist leaves the town, and sends Blondel a vial said to contain the precious medicine. The next night Claude accidentally discovers a signal suspended from the city wall. With great effort he lowers the portcullis, thus excluding the main body of the Savoyards, of whom three hundred, however, have entered the city.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### Armes! Armes!

CLAUDE did not know all that he had done, or the narrow margin of time by which he had done it. But he did know that he had saved the gate—that gate on the outer side of which four thousand picked troops of Savoy were at that hour assembling. He knew that he had done it with death at his elbow and with the cries of his panic-stricken companion in his ears.

And in that moment of success he felt himself master of fear, lord of death; in the exaltation of his triumph he thought nothing too hard or too dangerous for him.

It was well perhaps that he did so feel, for he had not a moment to waste, if, after saving the town, he would save himself. As the portcullis struck the ground with a shivering crash and rebounded, and he turned from it toward the stairhead, a last cry of despair, cut short in the utterance, reached him; and he saw through the gloom that his companion was even now in the clutch of a figure which had succeeded in passing out of the staircase. Claude did not hesitate. With a roar of rage, he ran like a bull at the enemy, struck him full under the arm with his pike, and drove him doubled up into the stairhead, with such force that the Genevese had much ado to free himself.

The man was struck helpless—and dead for aught that appeared at the moment; but the pike, coming in contact with the edge of his corselet, had not penetrated far, and Claude recovered it quickly, and levelled it in waiting for the next comer; at the same time adjuring his comrade to secure the fallen man's weapon. The guard complied, and the two waited, with suspended breath, for the sally which they felt sure would come.

But the stairs were narrow, the fallen body blocked the outlet. Possibly the assailants had expected no resistance, and, finding it, had no stomach for the fight; at any rate, the luckless man's followers thought better of it. A moment and they could be heard beating a retreat.

"Pardieu! they are going!" the guard exclaimed; and he began to shake.

"Ay, but they will return!" Claude answered grimly. "Have no fear of that! The portcullis is down, and the only way to raise it—is up these stairs. But it will be hard if, armed as we are now, we can not baffle them! Has he no pistol?"

Marcadel—it was the other's name, that other whom fate had cast for Claude's comrade in this critical moment of his life—felt about the prostrate man, but found none; and bidding him listen and not move for his life—but there was little need of the injunction—Claude passed over to the inner edge of the leads, facing the Corratie. Here he raised his voice and shouted the alarm with all the force of his lungs, hoping thus to supplement the reckless cries which here and there had been raised by the Savoyards.

"Aux Armes! Armes!" he cried. "L'ennemi est à la porte! Armes! Armes!"

A man below ran out of the gateway, at the sound of his shouting, levelled a musket and fired at him. The slugs flew wide, and Claude, lifted above himself, yelled defiance, knowing that the more shots were fired the more quickly and widely would the alarm be spread.

That it was spreading, that it was being taken up, his elevated position on the gateway enabled him to discern, dark as was the night and distant as the Porte Neuve lay from the heart of the town. A flare of light at the rear of the Tartasse, and a dull, confused hubbub in the same quarter, went to prove that, though the Savoyards had seized the gate, they had not penetrated far beyond it. Away on his extreme left—where the Porte de la Monnaie, hard by his old bastion, overlooked the Rhone—were lights again, and a

sound of rising commotion, as though there again the enemy held the gate but found further progress closed against them. On the Treille, to his right, the most westerly of the three inner gates, and the nearest to the town-hall, the defenders seemed to be themselves preparing an attack, for as he ceased to shout, a volley fired in that direction drew his eyes to the gate, and as far as he could judge, the shots were aimed outward. With such alarms at three several points—to say nothing of the noise at the Porte Neuve—it seemed impossible that any part of the city on the left bank of the river could long remain in ignorance of the facts. In truth, even as he stood peering down into the dark Corratie, and listening to the heavy tramp of unseen feet, now here now there, and the harsh orders that rose from unseen throats—even as he prepared to turn, summoned by a warning cry from Marcadel, the first note of the alarm-bell smote his ear.

A moment and the air hummed with its heavy challenge, and all Geneva that still slept, awoke and stood upright. Men ran half naked from their houses, boys in their teens snatched arms and sallied forth, white faces looked from barred windows or lofty dormers; and across narrow wynds, and under dark Gothic entries, men dragged huge chains and hooked them, and hurried on to where the alarm seemed loudest and the risk most pressing. In an instant, in pitch-dark alleys lights gleamed and steel clanged on stone; out of the darkness deep voices shouted questions, or answered or gave orders, and from a thousand houses, alike in the wealthy Bourg du Four and in the sordid lanes about the bridges, went up one wail of horror and despair. Men who had dreamed of this night for years, and feared it as they feared God's day, awoke to find their dream a fact and never while they lived forgot that awakening. While women, left alone in their homes, bolted and barred and fell to prayers; or clasped to their breasts babes who prattled, not understanding the turmoil or why all looked strangely on them.

Something of this—something of the horror of that sudden awakening, of the confusion in the narrow streets where voices cried that the enemy were here or there or in a third place, and the bravest knew not which way to turn—penetrated to Claude on the roof of the tower, and at the thought of Anne and the perils that encircled her—for about the house in the Corratie the uproar rose loudest—his face hardened. But he had not long to dwell on it; not long to dwell on anything. Before the great bell had tolled its warning a score of times, he had to go. Marcadel's voice, urgent, insistent, summoned him to the stairhead.

Claude did not know this, but had he known it, it would not have reduced his courage.

"Yes, I hear them," he said. "But they have not started yet. And whenever they come, if two pikes can not hold this doorway—they can mount but one at a time—there is no truth in Thermopylae!"

"I know naught of that," the other answered, rising nervously to his feet. "I don't favor heights. Give me the lee of a wall and fair odds—"

"Odds?" Claude echoed vaingloriously—but only the stars attended to him—"I would not have another man!"

Marcadel seized him by the sleeve, and his voice rose almost to a scream. "But, my God, there is another man!" he shrieked. "There! There!" And he pointed with a shaking hand to the outer corner of the leads, in the neighborhood of the place where the winch of the portcullis stood. "We are betrayed! We are dead men!" he cried.

Claude made out a dim figure, crouching low against the battlement, and the thought—which was also in the other's mind—that the enemy had set a ladder against the wall and outgeneralled him, rendered him desperate. At any rate, there was but one on the roof as yet, and quick as thought he lowered his pike and charged the figure.

A shrill scream and the man fell on his knees before him. "Mercy! mercy!" cried a voice he knew. "Mercy! Don't kill me! Don't kill me!"

It was Louis Gentilis. Claude halted, looked at him, spurned him with his foot. "Up, coward, and fight for your life then!" he said. "Or others will kill you. How come you here?"

The other still grovelled. "I was in the guardroom," he whimpered. "I was—I had come with a message—from the Syndic—"

"Blondel?"

"Yes! To remind the Captain that he was to go the rounds—at eleven exactly. I was there, and they—oh, this dreadful night—they broke in, and I hid on the stairs—"

"Well, you can not hide any longer. You have got to fight now!" Claude answered grimly. "There are no more stairs for any of us—except to heaven! I advise you to find something, and do your worst. Take the winch-bar if you can find nothing else! And—"

He broke off. Marcadel, who had remained at the stairhead, was calling to him in an agonized voice. The summons could no longer be resisted and he ran to him. He found him on his feet with his head still in the stairway, but with his pike shortened to strike. "They are coming!" he muttered over his shoulder. "They are coming! They are more than half-way up now. Be ready and keep your eyes open. Be ready!" he continued after a pause. "They are nearly—here now!" His breath began to come quickly; and then starting back a pace and bringing his point to the charge, "They are here!" he shouted. "On guard!"

Claude stooped an inch lower, and with gleaming eyes and feet set warily apart, waited for the onset, his eyes on the dark shape of the stairhead; waited with suspended breath for the charge that must come. He could hear the gasps of the wounded man who lay on the uppermost step; and once close to him a sound of shuffling, as of moving feet, that sent his heart into his mouth. But seconds passed, and more seconds; and glare as he might into the black mouth of the staircase, from which the hood averted even the faint reflection of the stars, he could make out nothing, no movement, no sign of life!

The suspense was growing intolerable. And all the time behind him the alarm-bell was flinging "Doom! Doom!" into the night, and a thousand sounds of fear and strife clutched at his mind and strove to draw it from the dark gap at which he waited as a dog waits for a rat at the mouth of its hole. His breath began to come quickly now; his knees shook. He heard his companion gasp—human nerves could stand it no longer, and then again, just as he felt that, come what might, he must plunge his pike into the darkness, plunge it in and settle the question—the shuffling sound came anew and steadied him, and he set his teeth and waited—waited still.

But nothing happened, nothing moved; and again the seconds, almost the minutes, passed, and "Doom! Doom!" the deep note of the alarm-bell swelled louder and heavier, filling all the air, all the night, all the world, with its iron tongue—setting the tower reeling, the head swimming. In spite of himself, in spite of the fact that he knew his life hung on his vigilance, his thoughts wandered; wandered to Anne, alone and defenceless in the hell below him, from which wild sounds were beginning to rise; to his own fate if he and Marcadel got the worst; to the advantage a light properly shaded would have given them—had they had it. But, alas, they had no light.

And then, even while he thought of that, the world was all light. A sheet of flame burst from the hood, dazzled, blinded, scorched him; a crashing report filled his ears, and involuntarily he recoiled. The ball had missed him, had gone between him and Marcadel, and struck neither. But for a moment, in pure amazement, he stood gaping. That moment had been his last, had the defence lain with him only; or even with him and Marcadel. It was the senseless form that cumbered the uppermost step that saved them. The man who had fired tripped over it as he sprang gallantly out. He fell his length on the roof. The next man sank down on it, and effectually blocked the way for others. Before either could rise, all was over.



The dimly lighted archway was a whirl of arms and confusion

"They are mustering at the bottom," the man whispered over his shoulder. He was on his knees, his head in the hood of the staircase. The wounded man, breathing stertorously, still cumbered the upper steps. Marcadel rested one hand on him.

Claude thrust in his head and listened. He could hear, through the thick breathing of the Savoyard, men muttering and moving in the darkness below; and now the stealthy rustle of feet, and again the faint clang of a weapon against the wall. Doubtless it had dawned on some one in command that here on this tower lay the keys of Geneva: that by themselves three hundred men could not take—nor hold if they took—a town manned by five or six thousand; and, consequently, that if Savoy would succeed in the enterprise so boldly begun, it must by hook or crook raise this portcullis and open this gate. As a fact, Brunaulieu, the captain of the forlorn hope, had passed the word that the leads must be taken at any cost; and had come himself from the Porte Tartasse, where a brisk conflict was beginning, to see to it.





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Claude brought down his pike with a sickening thud on the head of the first to issue, and laid him lifeless on the leads. The guard, who was a better man at a pinch than in the anticipation of it, drove the other back—as he tried to rise—with a wound in the face. Then with a yell, assured that, in the narrow stairhead, the enemy could not use their weapons, the two with one accord charged their pikes into the obscurity, and thrust and thrust, and thrust again, in the cruelty of rage and fear.

What they struck, or where they struck, they could not see; but their ears told them that they did not strike in vain. A shrill scream, an oath, the gurgling cry of a dying man, proved it, and the wild struggle that ensued on the stairs, where the uppermost, weighed down by the fallen men, turned in a panic on those below, and fought with them to force them to desist.

Claude shuddered as he listened, as he waited, his pike still levelled; shuddered at the pitiful groaning that issued from the blackness, shuddered at the blows he had struck, and at the recollection of the scream. He had not trembled when he fought, but he trembled at the thought of it.

"They are beaten," he muttered huskily. "Ay, they are beaten!" Marcadel—he who had trembled before the fight—answered with exaltation. "You were right. We wanted no more men! But it was near. It was near. If this rogue had not tripped, our throats might have suffered."

"He was a brave man," Claude answered, leaning heavily on his pike. He needed its support.

Marcadel knelt down and felt the man over. "Ay," he said, "he was, to give the devil his due! And that reminds me. We've a skulker here, who has escaped so far. He shall play his part now, will he, nill he! We must have their arms, but it is dirty work groping in the dark for them, and maybe life enough in one of them to drive a dagger between one's ribs! He shall do it. Where is he?"

Claude was feeling that reaction which ensues upon intense excitement. He did not answer. Nor did he think fit to interfere when Marcadel, finding Louis at last, where he crouched in the darkest corner, pounced on him, seized him by the nape of the neck, and forced him forward to the head of the staircase. There the lad fell on his knees weeping futilely, wailing prayers. But the guard only kicked him forward.

"In!" he said. "You know what you have got to do! In, and get them! And if you leave so much as—"

"I won't! I daren't!" Louis screamed. And grovelling, on his face on the leads, he clung to whatever offered itself.

But men who have just passed through a life-and-death struggle, and killed and run risks, are hard. And "You won't?" Marcadel answered, applying his boot brutally, but without effect. "You will! Or you will feel my pike between your ribs! In! In, my lad!"

A scream answered each repetition of the word, and proved that his threat was no empty one. Claude, open to pity, might have intervened; but he remembered Anne and the humiliations she had suffered in this craven's presence—and he stood still.

"In!" Marcadel repeated a third time. "And if you leave so much as a knife upon them, I will throw you off the tower. You understand, do you? Then, in you go!"

And, driven by sheer physical torture—for the pike had thrice drawn blood—Louis crept, weeping and quaking, into the staircase; and on one of her tormentors Anne was fully avenged. Claude, however, was thinking more of her present peril than of that item in the past account; and had moved already from the stairhead. A perceptible swell in the volume of sound which rose from the Corratierie had drawn him to that side of the tower.

"Are we going to stay shut up here?" cried Claude fiercely. "Shut up here, while this goes forward and we might be of use?"

"I think we have done our part," the other answered soberly. "If any man has saved Geneva, it is you! There, man, I give you the credit," he continued, in a burst of generosity. "And it is no small thing! For it might make my fortune. But I have done some little too!"

"Ay! But—"

"But what would you have us do—more? Jump over? And leave the roof to them? 'Tis all they want. Leave them to raise the old iron grate, and let in—what I hear yonder?" And he indicated the dark outer plain below the wall—the Plain Palais, it was called—whence rose the murmur of halted battalions, awaiting, baffled and uncertain, the opening of the gate.

"Ay, but if we descended—"

"Might we not win the gate from a score?" Marcadel answered, between contempt and admiration. "Is that what you mean? And when we have won it, hold it? No, not if each of us were Gaston of Foix, Bayard and M. de Crillon rolled into one! But what is this? We are winning or we are losing! Which is it?"

From the Treille gate had burst that moment a rabble of men; a struggling crowd, illumined on the fringes by the glare of three or four lights, and the flash twice repeated of an arquebus. Pikes and halberds flashed in the heart of the swirling mob, as it struggled and swayed down the Corratierie in the direction of the gate from which the two men viewed it. Half-way thither, in the open, its progress was checked; it hung and paused, swaying this way and that; it even recoiled. Then, with a roar of triumph, it rolled on again over half a dozen prostrate forms, and in a trice burst about the base of the Porte Neuve, rushed—as it seemed to those above—the gateway, and in a twinkling, broke back, repelled by a crashing volley that almost shook the tower.

"They are our people!" cried Claude.

"Ay!"

"And now is our time!" The lad waved

his weapon. "A diversion in the rear—and 'tis done!"

"For God's sake, stop!" cried Marcadel, and he clutched at Claude's sleeve. "A diversion, ay!" he continued. "But a moment too soon or a moment too late—and where will you be?"

He spoke in vain. His last words were wasted on the air. Thrusting aside Louis, who had that moment issued from the stairs, Claude had already plunged, pike in hand, into the black funnel, had felt his way at random over the bodies that almost choked it—and was even now descending. Marcadel hesitated, waited a moment, then, partly because success begets success, and courage courage, partly because he would not have the triumph taken from him, he risked all. He snatched from Louis's hands a long pistol, part of the spoils of the staircase, and staying only to assure himself that a portion of the priming still lay in the pan, he hurried after his leader.

By that time, Claude had descended to within four stairs of the guardroom. The low door stood open, and toward it a man, hearing the hasty stumbling of feet down the stairs, had that moment turned a startled face. In a flash, the two were rolling together on the floor.

In their fall, they brought down a third. He, swearing horribly, stabbed at Claude with a dagger. But the only light in the disordered room came from the fire, the three were interlaced, and Claude was young and agile as an eel. He evaded the first thrust and the second. The third went home in his shoulder; but, desperate with pain, he got hold, almost at that moment, of the hand that held the poniard, and clung to it for his life; and before the man who had been the first to fall could regain his pike, or a third man who was present, but who seemed to be wounded, could drag himself to the spot, Marcadel fired from the stairs, killing the wounded man. Next instant, with a yell of "Geneva!" he sprang out on the others under cover of the smoke.

The combat was still but of two to two, and outside the guardroom, under the wide gateway, almost within arm's-length, were a dozen Savoyards, headed by Picot the engineer, any one of whom might, by entering, turn the scale. But the gunshot had come to the ears of the attacking party; who, guessing that they had allies within, rallied that instant, and with loud cries, to the attack. Even while Marcadel stood over the struggling pair on the floor, doubting where to strike, the burghers burst bravely into the gateway, struck down Picot, and, hacking and hewing with cries of "Porte gagnée! Porte gagnée!" bore the Savoyards backward.

For an appreciable moment, the dimly lighted archway was a whirl of arms and confusion. Half a dozen single combats were in progress at once—with yells, shrieks and groans, and the clash and clang of a score of weapons. But the burghers, fighting bareheaded for their wives and hearths, were not to be denied; by and by the Savoyards gave back again, broke, and saved themselves. One fierce knot cut their way out and fled into the darkness. Four remained on the ground, and two turned and tried to effect a retreat into the guardroom.

But on the threshold, they met Claude, vicious and wounded, his eyes in a flame. He struck and killed the foremost; the other fell under the blows of those behind him, and across the two bodies Claude and Marcadel exchanged grim greetings with the leaders of the assault. Strange to say, the foremost of these was a bandy-legged tailor, with a great two-handed sword, red to the hilt—to such a place can valor on such a night raise a man. On his right, stood Blandano, Captain of the Guard, bareheaded and black with powder; on his left, Baudichon, the Councilor, panting, breathless, his fat face running with sweat and blood—for he had been severely wounded—but with unquenchable courage in his eyes. A man may be fat and yet a lion.

It was a moment in the lives of the five men that no one of them ever forgot. "Was it one of you two lowered the portcullis?" Blandano gasped, as he leaned an instant on his sword.

"He did," Marcadel answered, laying his hand on Claude's shoulder. "And I helped him."

"Then he has saved Geneva, and you have helped him!" Blandano rejoined bluntly. "Your name, young man."

Claude told him. "Good!" Blandano answered. "If I live to see the morning light, it shall not be forgotten!"

Baudichon leaned across the dead, and shook Claude's hand. "For the women and children!" he said, his fat face shaking like a jelly, though no man had fought that night with a more desperate valor. "If I live to the morning, inquire for Baudichon of the Council."


The bandy-legged tailor with the huge sword—he was but five feet high, and no one up to that night had known him for a hero—squared his shoulders and looked at Claude, as one who takes another under his protection. "Baudichon the Councilor, whom all men know in Geneva," he said, with an affectionate look at the great man. He was proud of the company to which his prowess had raised him. "You will not forget the name! And now, on!"

"Ay, on!" Blandano answered, looking round on his panting followers, of whom some were stanching their wounds, and some with dark faces and gleaming eyeballs were loading and priming their arms. "But I think the worst is over and we shall win through now. We have this gate safe, and it is the key, as I told you. If all be well elsewhere, and the main guards held—"

"Ay, but are they?" Baudichon muttered nervously; he reeled a little, for the loss of blood was beginning to tell upon him. "That is the question!"

(To be continued)





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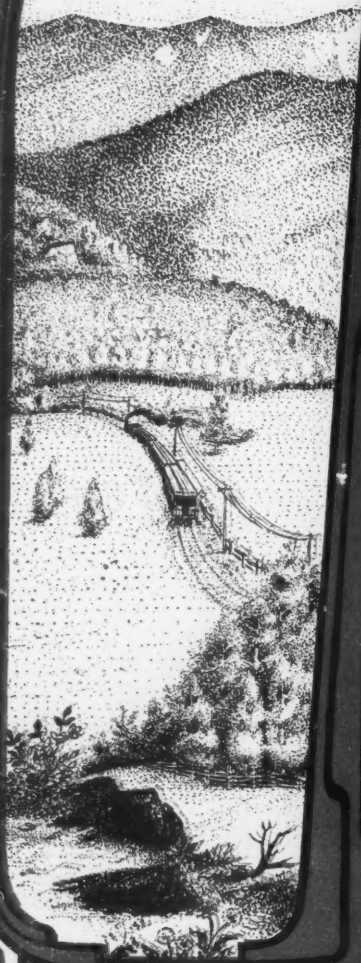
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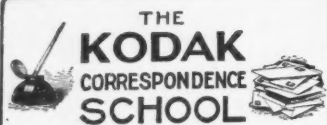
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